

The TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

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October 8, 1947



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THE
TATLER
and BYSTANDER

LONDON
OCTOBER 8, 1947

Two Shillings
Vol. CLXXXVI. No. 2413



Eric Ager

T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND THEIR CHILDREN

This charming informal picture of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, with their sons Prince William, the elder, and Prince Richard, was taken at their country home, Barnwell Manor, Northants, which they left when the Duke entered on his highly successful term as Governor-General of Australia, and in which, after their return at the beginning of the year, they have now fully settled down again. It will be remembered that the Duke headed the Council of State which acted for the King during His Majesty's absence on the Royal Tour of South Africa. Another picture of the young Princes will be found on page forty-three



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



One For The Memoirs

My uncle's top hat was the most shining and magnificent thing that could be imagined in the way of headgear. The gentleman in shirt sleeves who was engaged in polishing it with irons and velvets plainly thought so, too.

He said, "That's a very fine hat, Mr. Fothergill, a very fine hat. If I may say so, sir, it does us both credit."

The sun itself agreed about the splendour of the occasion. It beamed beneficently through the dusty sky-light of the shop and outside it picked out the harness of the horses as they jingled past the door.

"A hansom is what we want," said my uncle, "and the very best hansom we can find, eh?"

He looked so important as we stood on the pavement waiting, that it seemed obvious that the finest cab in the world would appear immediately. It did.

October the fifteenth, 1909. A wonderful day, the most delicious, the most memorable day, a day full of excellent and superlative happenings. Minor miracles, like two helpings of ice cream and no mention of rice pudding, passed unnoticed in the presence of so many major events.

As we rattled along, the invisible cabby sitting aloft cracked his whip with such brilliance that it was as good as being the ringmaster of a circus. The view from above the folding doors was better than any motor car window.

My uncle pointed out the sights to me as we flashed by. The shop owned by clever Mr. Evans who made so much money when the Queen died, and all the people wanted special dark coloured materials that only Mr. Evans kept in stock. The road leading to Mr. Maskelyne's and Mr. Devant's Theatre, where magic was performed every day. A huge bright picture on a wall which said, "The Crimes of Paris" and was clearly very exciting and elegant and just the sort of play one would wish to see. Crowds and crowds of smart people walking up and down and looking at the shop windows.

PRESENTLY we came to a place where the people were all standing together in a long line outside a fine and imposing building. My uncle lifted me up on his knee so that I could see them better. "That's a sight you won't see again for many a year," he said. "It's a run on a Bank. Barron's Bank. All those people have put their money into it and now they want it back in a hurry. I'm afraid they won't get it, either. They're all very silly people and if they'd stayed at home it would have been quite safe and everyone would have been happy. But they all got frightened together—just like those sheep you saw in the park yesterday."

By the time we got to Gamages it seemed very silly indeed to be frightened or bothered about anything, when there was a paradise like this to be visited. There were toy soldiers and cannons, and Scotsmen fighting in busbies and kilts, and innumerable long boxes full of the Camel Corps.

There were beautiful yachts with sails which worked, and very useful little engines which drove wheels round with real steam in the most fascinating way.

It was very difficult to make up one's mind, but I never regretted my choice. It was a carriage

with two horses which galloped when you sat in the seat and worked the treadles—quite the most desirable thing in creation. Everybody agreed that I was right, including my uncle. He pulled a leather purse out of his pocket and paid for it with gold sovereigns.

At the Tower of London it was even better in a way, and more exciting, because the soldiers were real. They had beards and bright tunics and there were rooms and rooms full of spears and a great many other military things. There was also a cage made of glass which must have been the richest place in the world, because it was crammed with gold and every sort of jewel for the King and Queen of England. I remember thinking how kind it was of them to keep their crowns in a place where they could be seen, when obviously it would have been much more fun to wear them all the time.

My uncle took a strong line about this. He said the King mostly wore a top hat, just like his own, but that he was in the habit of creasing his trousers in a different way just to show who he really was. For some reason or other this struck him as being very funny and he twirled his moustache and laughed a great deal.

He laughed in fact all through lunch and his advice on what was good to eat was extremely sound, although I can recall only the ice cream part of it and the big bottle which was kept in a gold bucket and itself had a lot of gold round the neck. I had a sip of it and found it tasted fizzy,

BRIGGS—by Graham



"It seems, m'lord, that the west wing is a blazing inferno . . ."

but not so good as the lemonade which I was drinking.

"The great thing in life, my boy," he said, "is to know how to enjoy it. No use in making a lot of money to buy ice cream for yourself some time in the future. You may find you're too old to like it by then. The secret is to make just enough to buy a little ice every time you feel like having one. That's the way to do it. But a lot of people don't believe that, more's the pity."

No one, it seemed to me, could possibly be more right than my uncle. Not only was he the perfect uncle, but he was certainly the wisest of men as well as being one of the most important.

I FEAR that my recollections of the early afternoon are a trifle dim, but I seem to think that an underground train came into the proceedings and several more cabs. Towards tea-time we certainly were in the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, and by then I'd had a ride on an elephant and another on a dromedary.

Of the tea itself, the happiest memory is the doughnut, a fine solid affair with plenty of jam in the centre. By that time I was feeling definitely tired, but it was all so exciting that the best course seemed to be to pray that it would go on for ever and ever.

My uncle had just lit a cigar with some care, when three strange gentlemen, only one of whom was wearing a top hat (and that by no means a brilliant affair), came up to speak to us. He looked very like Lord Kitchener, although of course without a scarlet uniform. The other two had bowler hats and beards and resembled King Edward, except that their trousers had an ordinary crease.

The one in the top hat approached my uncle and said, "I believe you are Mr. Horace Fothergill?" and it struck me as being a stupid question because he spoke as if he already knew the answer.

"I am indeed," said my uncle, and he went away a little and they talked together.

After a minute or two they came back, and the shorter and fatter of the bearded ones said rather jovially, "Well, now. What about this young gentleman?"

Somehow it was apparent that the party was over. I began to feel not only extremely tired but also sleepy. My uncle turned to the fat one and explained where I lived.

My uncle patted my shoulder. "I've got a lot of business to attend to," he said. "This chap will see you home, because I don't think your mother would approve of my mixing you up with things like this. So you run along with him."

Everybody laughed at this in a polite grown-up sort of way, although I could see nothing funny about it. All I could see was that the party was over and that I was almost too sleepy to care.

I NEVER saw my uncle again. My father seemed unreasonably annoyed about the whole business, and was inclined not to answer me when I asked any questions about him. His name was never mentioned again except by me.

In fact our entire family went completely dumb

on the subject of Uncle Horace, and, had I but known it, any reference to Barron's Bank was equally forbidden.

October the fifteenth, 1909.

A glorious day, quite the best I remember.

* * *

Cutting the Painter?

ONE would hardly accuse the present Government of neglecting exports, but there is one class of rather special manufacturers who appear to be forgotten men.

The commodities produced by our painters and writers are peculiarly valuable dollar raisers inasmuch as they require a modicum of raw material and take next to no shipping room. £50,000 worth of pictures can be taken to the U.S. as hand luggage, and a manuscript which may bring in £10,000 can cross the Atlantic in an air-mail package.

Dealers tell me that the authorities are kind and helpful in the matter of forms and formalities, but they still offer no practical inducement to the artist or author to work for export. The successful painter can sell his work equally well in Bond Street or Fifth Avenue. Controlled exchange and income tax even out the price he receives and it is left to his whim which market he chooses.

Lack of information, induced by travel restrictions, add to the difficulty. Americans have a very definite taste in art. Certain modern forms they will not tolerate, and the dealer or literary agent who tries to export them returns with his goods under his arm, while his more astute colleague, who has somehow acquired the vital information, sells out without difficulty.

RAW materials, although minute in quantity compared with any other manufacture, are important, and the years of austerity are hitting the painters in a curious roundabout way. The fine-quality paper demanded by the water-colour artist is now practically unobtainable, and why? Where is it? On your backs, Sir and Madam.

The essential material for the Cotmans of the future is made from rags. . . . No offence meant, and none taken we hope; but there's the rub. . . .

Red tape trip-wires still exist. Conté pencils—and for certain drawings these are vital—are unobtainable for a very pretty reason. Messrs. Conté refuse to put up their carbons in unvarnished holders, and there is a solemn Government order prohibiting the import of pencils in varnished holders into this frivol-free land. So if you're a Rembrandt or a John you can do your homework with a utility H.B., as issued to the Civil Service, or not at all.

On the other hand the Board of Trade is not unhelpful, and artists' colourmen report an improvement. He who explains that he is working for export will be given priority, they say, if not all he requires. There is only one little mystery. Why should the lady who presides so efficiently and so sympathetically over the destinies of colourmen in this august department also control the manufacture and export of Buttons? If this is alphabetical administration and Brushes go with Buttons what about Buckets, Buckles and Budgerigars? We only ask because we want to know.

For all our sakes the Government might turn an honest penny by an export-drive in the Arts. A good representative collection gathered here by dint of concessions in taxes and materials, would bring us both dollars and prestige. Sir A. J. Munnings might lecture on it for us in New York, Augustus John in Washington, and Mr. Epstein in California and the exhibits could be replaced from stock as they were sold. From time immemorial the astute patron has turned Art into Gold. Come on Sir Stafford, why not you?

Silent as in Oyster

A SMALL boy recently impeded our progress towards the regal young woman who, when not otherwise engaged, serves behind our post office counter.

The child, who had clearly emerged from one of the legal Inns, was having difficulty in composing a telegram. Finally, after much erasing, it was completed, printed letter by letter.

The message ran, "Divorce abserloot today."

The goddess contemplated the form coldly and expertly.

"There's no R in it," she said.

Youngman Carter



QUEEN MARY AT SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL

Her Majesty Queen Mary recently visited Southwark Cathedral and while there asked to see the bomb disposal squad who discovered fragments of a bomb dropped in the cathedral grounds seven years ago. Here Queen Mary is with the Bishop of Southwark, the Rt. Rev. Bertram Simpson, and the Provost, the Very Rev. C. K. N. Bardsley



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

ALDWYCH—Peace In Our Time. Noel Coward's imaginative study of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

DUCHESS—The Linden Tree. The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley. Brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson.

GARRICK—Born Yesterday. Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

GLOBE—Trespass. Emlyn Williams's dramatic excursion into the supernatural with the author in the principal rôle. (Transfers to Apollo on October 13.)

HAYMARKET—Present Laughter. Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

HIS MAJESTY'S—Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company in Richard II, Romeo and Juliet, and Twelfth Night.

LYRIC—Edward, My Son. Tragi-comedy. Period 1919-1947. By Noel Langley and Robert Morley.

NEW—Ever Since Paradise. J. B. Priestley's discussion on marriage, light in touch but full of understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

PHOENIX—Dr. Angelus. By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose evil deeds are covered by macabre hypocrisy.

PICCADILLY—Off the Record. This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Jack Allen, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

FORTUNE—Fly Away Peter. J. H. Roberts mild and mellow, in an amiable suburban comedy.

SAVILLE—Noose. Charles Goldner, black in heart and market, provides a thrilling evening of full-speed melodrama.

SAVOY—Life With Father. The successful American comedy of family life with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart as father and mother.

STRAND—Separate Rooms. Frances Day in a new American farce with Hal Thompson.

VAUDEVILLE—The Chiltern Hundreds. A. E. Matthews, Marjorie Fielding and Michael Shepley brilliantly burlesque the political scene and the art of noblesse oblige.

With Music

ADELPHI—Bless the Bride. C. B. Cochran's light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

AMBASSADORS—Sweetest and Lowest. Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

COLISEUM—Annie, Get Your Gun. Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

DRURY LANE—Oklahoma! Outstanding U.S. success. It is tuneful, decorative, and moves with typical transatlantic speed and smoothness.

DUKE OF YORK'S—One, Two, Three. Binnie and Sonnie Hale and Charles Heslop play a dozen or so parts perfectly in this new revue.

HIPPODROME—Perchance to Dream. Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

LYRIC (Hammersmith)—Tuppence Coloured. Wit, sparkle and song supplied most adroitly by Joyce Grenfell, Elisabeth Welch and Max Adrian.

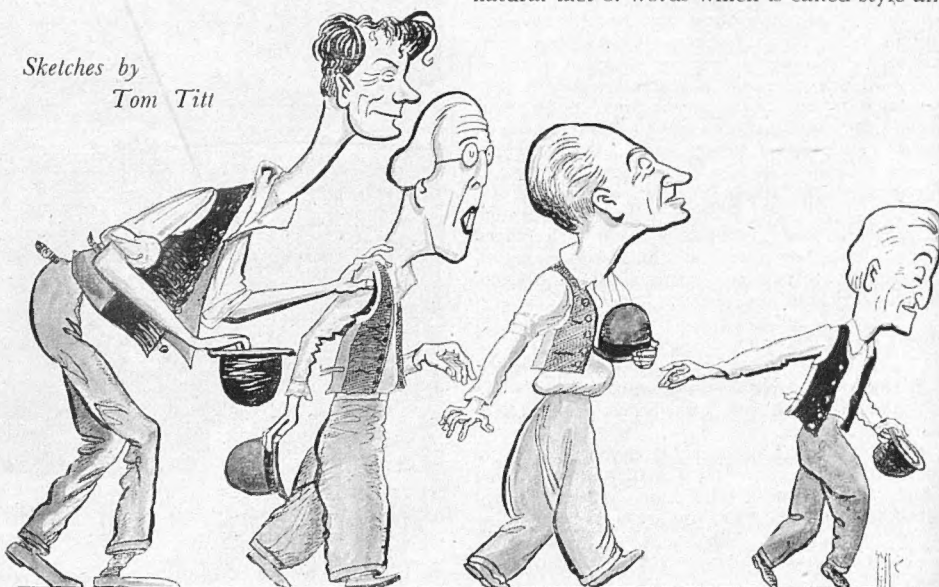
PALACE—1066 And All That. Leslie Henson, Doris Hare and Edwin Styles gambol down the ages.

PRINCE OF WALES—Piccadilly Hayride. In which Sid Field with a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.



The Widow (Sheila Manahan), who interprets the duties of widowhood very liberally and scandalizes the unco' guid

Sketches by Tom Titt



The Four Tailors set off backwards down the avenues of time, to right an old wrong to one of their number and change mourning into wedding bells

At the

"Happy As

At the charming little Mercury Theatre, where one always feels the guest of some gracious eighteenth-century patron of the arts, a number of young poets have been engaged for many moons in gravely invoking the stage's lost muse. It was expected, I think, she would be some sort of veiled figure, moving about hither and thither among dim thoughts, making gestures both stately and tender, a source of exquisite pleasure to a small circle of intimates.

Now the thing has happened; poetry has popped up in their midst; and the lost muse turns out to be hilarious and plain spoken, not a veiled figure at all, but a man of the world whose notes on love and death are in the form of a surprising and gory ballad which may be enjoyed by everybody.

The author of this poetic frolic, Mr. Donagh MacDonagh, is an Irish circuit judge, and naturally he takes no "topty-lofty" view of either Love or Death. Sex attraction, her children neat and her home all shining, is a great help to women in marriage, and as to Death—if the dead are blessed with forgetfulness it is also their fate soon to be forgotten.

UNDILUTED, a philosophy so matter-of-fact and professional might leave a sour taste. It is, however, only the basis of the comedy. It is humanized by genuine poetic feeling, which scatters effects of unforced beauty, and by a comic relish, characteristic of the Irishman, for the frailties of his countrymen. What the judge has observed he may, as a judge, deplore. When it comes to making a play out of his observations, his heart warms helplessly to that "piebald miscellany, man," and he falls into a state of humorous ecstasy.

In writing the piece obviously the judge has had little regard to what the public wants, or may be supposed to want. It is a comic strip put together to please himself and is as original as his own fingerprints. It pleases us also because it is civilized by a quick, delightful humour, a seemingly spontaneous inventiveness and, above all, by that natural tact of words which is called style and

Theatre

Larry" (Mercury)

redeems those who have it from the painful obligation of being very strict in their conversation. When Mr. MacDonagh wishes to burlesque the witches of *Macbeth* or Hamlet's mother, he lets himself go quite freely, and he comes off magnificently. It is always burlesque based on love and knowledge of Shakespeare.

THESE are but generalities, the loose change of appreciation: what of the thing itself? There a difficulty arises. Wholly pleasing on the stage, *Happy As Larry* is, almost of necessity, a great deal less pleasing in narrative. The outline is simple enough. One of four tailor's assistants tells that his grandfather married twice, but no one ever knew which was the good wife and which the bad. We are allowed to judge for ourselves.

The first wife has a strong resemblance to Hamlet's mother. She protests too much when she hears that a pretty widow has been found fanning a grave to dry the clay on it. She has pledged her husband to be true till the clay on his grave is dry. But when a designing doctor poisons the childless Larry the first wife, no whit less sensual than Gertrude of Denmark and a great deal more censorious, lends an unwilling ear to her husband's murderer.

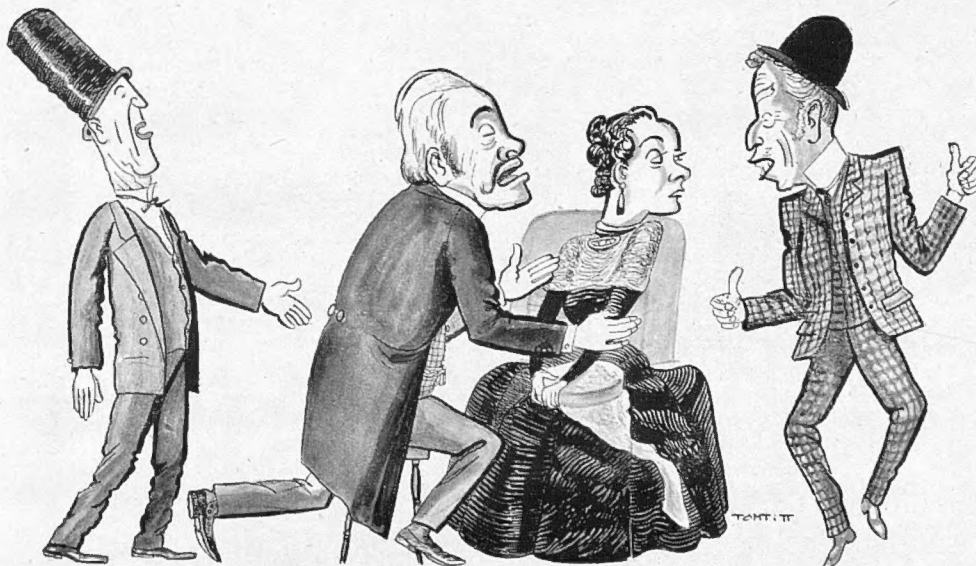
Now the tailor who tells the tale is either Larry's grandson or he is nothing, and so for the sake of his own existence he must slip back fifty years and put matters right, which he does by poisoning the seducer doctor, reviving Larry and killing off the first wife by shock. Whereupon the clay on the assiduously fanned grave is joyously deemed to be dry, and the enterprising tailor is assured of existence.

Of such an outline I can only apologetically assert that if it covers the main facts it certainly omits all that keeps the house in a constant ripple of laughter and applause. Analysing the comic is a grim business at any time, and it becomes an impossible business when the comic is also the poetic. You must, of course, see it for yourselves. You will find it beautifully acted and superbly produced.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Larry (Liam Redmond) who succumbs to poison only to be joyfully revived and united with the trim young widow



The Vultures Gather at Mrs. Larry's side: the grave-digger (Christopher Steele), the doctor (Fred Johnson) and Seamus the pharmacist (Edward Byrne)

BACKSTAGE



PREPARATIONS for pantomime are well in hand. Though Tom Arnold is busy completing plans for his mammoth circus at Harringay, there will be no diminution of his activities in Christmas entertainment. A new production of *Cinderella* is being got ready for Manchester and he will have about nine other pantomimes distributed among the key cities.

Arthur Askey is to star as Buttons in *Cinderella* at the London Casino. In addition Emile Littler is presenting five other pantomimes in the provinces.

LINNIT and Dunfee's next West End production is *The Blind Goddess*, Sir Patrick Hastings's play in which the big scene takes place in the Lord Chief Justice's court during the hearing of a libel action brought by a financier against his secretary. Strong drama of topical interest is promised.

Wyndham Goldie will be seen as the financier and Peter Fouldes as the secretary. Basil Radford as a K.C., Joan Haythorne as his wife, Honor Blackman as his daughter and Marian Spencer as the financier's wife are among the principal members of the cast.

AN all-coloured company will be seen in the American comedy-drama *Anna Lucasta* which, after three years run on Broadway, opens at His Majesty's at the end of the month. It is the story of the wayward daughter of a coloured family who is brought back into the fold when her relatives see the possibilities of making money by marrying her to the son of a rich farmer.

When Philip Yordan wrote it in 1936 it was about a Polish family living in Chicago. For eight years it lay unacted in New York managers' offices until the American Negro Theatre Group presented it as a coloured play in a Harlem basement in June, 1944. Impresario John Wildberg later presented it on Broadway with mostly the same cast and it has broken all records for Negro drama.

Hilda Simms, who stars with Frederick O'Neal, is a Bachelor of Science and was the first Negro girl to be offered a teaching fellowship at the Hampton Institute of Virginia.

HAVING broken all records at the Lyric, Hammer-smith, *Tuppence Coloured*, the Company of Four's first revue, transfers to the Globe next Wednesday when the three principals, Joyce Grenfell, Elisabeth Welch and Max Adrian, will each be provided with an additional number. Various cuts and improvements have been made since the opening.

Beryl Seton, who left the company to become leading lady in *Finian's Rainbow* at the Palace, has been replaced by Lynette Rae, an eighteen-year-old discovery who began as one of Terry's Juveniles.

SEVERAL film stars, among them Trevor Howard and Rosamund John, have recently returned to the stage after prolonged absence. Now Stewart Granger is to join them as soon as he has finished filming in *Saraband for Dead Lovers* at Ealing. It will be his first appearance on the stage since he gained screen fame so he expects playgoers will be ultra-critical. "Which," he says, "means that the play I do has got to be a good one. I have one in mind but negotiations are not yet completed."

THE D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, which recently finished a successful season of Gilbert and Sullivan Operas at Sadler's Wells, is at present on a tour of the principal northern towns which include Glasgow, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Manchester and Leeds.

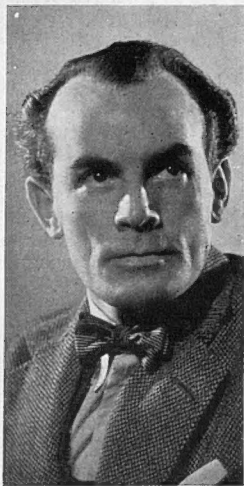
When this tour is finished the entire Company will, in December, embark for New York, opening there on December 29. The outstanding success of the company on its previous visits to the United States will be recalled.

WHEN Emlyn Williams's *Trespass* moves to the Apollo on Monday the author will continue to play his part as the Welsh shopkeeper-medium, but Mary Hinton will succeed Françoise Rosay, the French actress, who has to relinquish her rôle because of film commitments.

RUTH DRAPER, who has begun a tour which takes in Brighton, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Newcastle, is to have a four weeks' season of eight performances a week in a London theatre in November.

Beaumont Newhall

Freda Bruce Lockhart



Clifford Evans, who stars with Helen Shingler in "The Silver Darlings," the first production of a new Scottish film company. Most of it was shot on the wild northern coast, and the film has just been released simultaneously in Wick and London

Payne was a maudlin little misery which made me face the prospect of their reunion very queasily indeed.

Relief, then, at finding *The Big Heart* an agreeable and mischievous little comedy, contributes considerably to its enjoyment.

Mr. Gwenn has his best part for many pictures as a dear old snowbeard who believes he really is Father Christmas and gets taken on by Macy's famous department store as Santa Claus for their Christmas Corner. There are some anxious moments for the still sceptical spectator, as well as for Mr. Macy and his staff, when Macy's Santa Claus directs customers to rival firms if the children ask him for something Macy's do not stock.

THE basic theme: "Do you believe in Santa Claus?" is, however, steered safely enough between the Scylla of Peter Pan and the Charybdis of Capra, debunking twentieth-century legends as it goes. It debunks New York's exaggerated festival spirit, with the highly organized parades and one hired Santa Claus dead drunk. It gently debunks Miss O'Hara, cast as Macy's parade organizer, a progressive prig who has stuffed her small daughter's head full of rational facts instead of traditional childish fancies. It thoroughly debunks the rival department store proprietors, energetically competing to send each other customers out of purest profit motives, because the customers just love Santa Claus's big-heart policy, and in America the customer can still afford to be right. With a final flick it debunks the whole American system of justice and politics in the person of poor Judge Harper (Gene Lockhart), struggling to fulfil his duty by trying the case before him, without jeopardizing his chances of re-election through an unpopular judgment against the existence of Santa Claus.

I'm not sure the last laugh isn't on Mr. George Seaton (who also deserves the chief credit), for both writing and directing the whole adult fairy story without once suggesting that Christmas

doesn't begin and end with Santa Claus and Christmas sales.

MARCEL CARNÉ has set his own standard for the high expectations we bring to any film he has directed. By that standard *Les Portes de la Nuit*, now at the Rialto, is a disappointment.

In his previous films, notably in *Les Enfants du Paradis*, Carné has come nearer than any contemporary director to creating a new form for the cinema. Where we are accustomed to films rooted more or less firmly in the drama, Carné has brought out the cinema's affinity with ballet, with poetry, with music. At first *Les Portes de la Nuit* promises to develop the same pattern.

Post-liberation Paris is of course less colourful, less lively than the Louis-Philippe Paris of *Les Enfants du Paradis*. But the same superb pictorial composition, the same depth and clarity of camerawork are lavished on the dark backstreets of the outskirts, the shabby house where a Resistance hero and his wife and child-lodge.

She opens the door to a Resistance comrade with the uncertainty which has become habitual to people in a lately occupied country. The portly landlord, "Fritz's friend," has profited by the occupation; his son, an informer and apparently convinced collaborator, is a despicable neurotic handled in the film with an objective pity as harrowing as it is surprising. The three friends go out to celebrate their reunion in a black market restaurant, carrying the sugar for their coffee in a paper bag.

EFFORTLESSLY they sketch for us the whole background of the occupation and Resistance, the torture, treachery and heroism, the bewilderment of liberation.

Slowly, surely, Carné creates the world for his film. There is no straight line of narrative; that is not his way. But the atmosphere, the characters are superbly created.

Every detail, every line holds our rapt attention—until about halfway through the film.

Then this sense of urgency, of significance, begins to evaporate in the riverfront fogs; in the tediously accurate prophesyings of a drunken "Destiny" who seems to operate on the basis of coincidence; and in a bogus romance between the Resistance comrade and a rich man's dissatisfied wife, who proves to be the objectionable landlord's daughter and is at last shot by her husband.

Perhaps this conventionally statuesque blonde (a type still exotic to the French) is meant to symbolize the elusive substance, even the emptiness, of liberation after all the heroic hopes. Perhaps the very sense of frustration the film leaves is meant to reflect the state of liberation. But the significance, if any, of the film is lost, leaving only memories of great visual beauty and some mental confusion.

MISS JOAN FONTAINE, as one of the few English actresses whom Hollywood has hitherto handled with care, is a star of whom we do expect a certain standard and taste. It is all the more distressing to find her in *Ivy* (at the Odeon,

Leicester Square), doing a Lockwood at the head of a large cast of British emigrés, in a Hollywood fantasia on Edwardian English society which out-jassies *Jassy*.

At least, I think the period is meant to be Edwardian. The costumes suggest so; but there is an uncertainty, an inexactitude of Olde Englishe detail that is baffling. Telephones may have had this ornate grace; but were they really used as freely as today and with much more efficient results? Is the ball held in a stately home for a very few selected guests or in a bleak hired assembly room oddly reminiscent of a corner of a film studio? And is that patch of glassy water an ornamental lake or a swimming-pool?

None of this mere detail is of much account once Ivy gets down to the business of clearing the way for her pursuit of that wealthy sporting Edwardian, complete with yacht and aeroplane, Miles Rushworth (Herbert Marshall). Her doctor lover (Patric Knowles), who must first be rejected, points the way by emphasizing that he can never marry her—as long as her husband lives. Next instant the doctor is called out of the surgery. Ivy is almost as quick as we are to notice the large jar left handy and labelled—in case she or we hadn't heard the word "poison"—with a skull and crossbones as explicit as the simple word "RATBANE" in *Jassy*.

Directly Ivy reaches home, her husband obligingly asks for a brandy, toasts his wife—"Chin-chin!"—and drinking it down with only a mild protest—"rather bitter, what?"—takes to his bed and asks for another brandy. Ivy has got away with enough poison to make assurance trebly sure by putting a third powder in his broth.

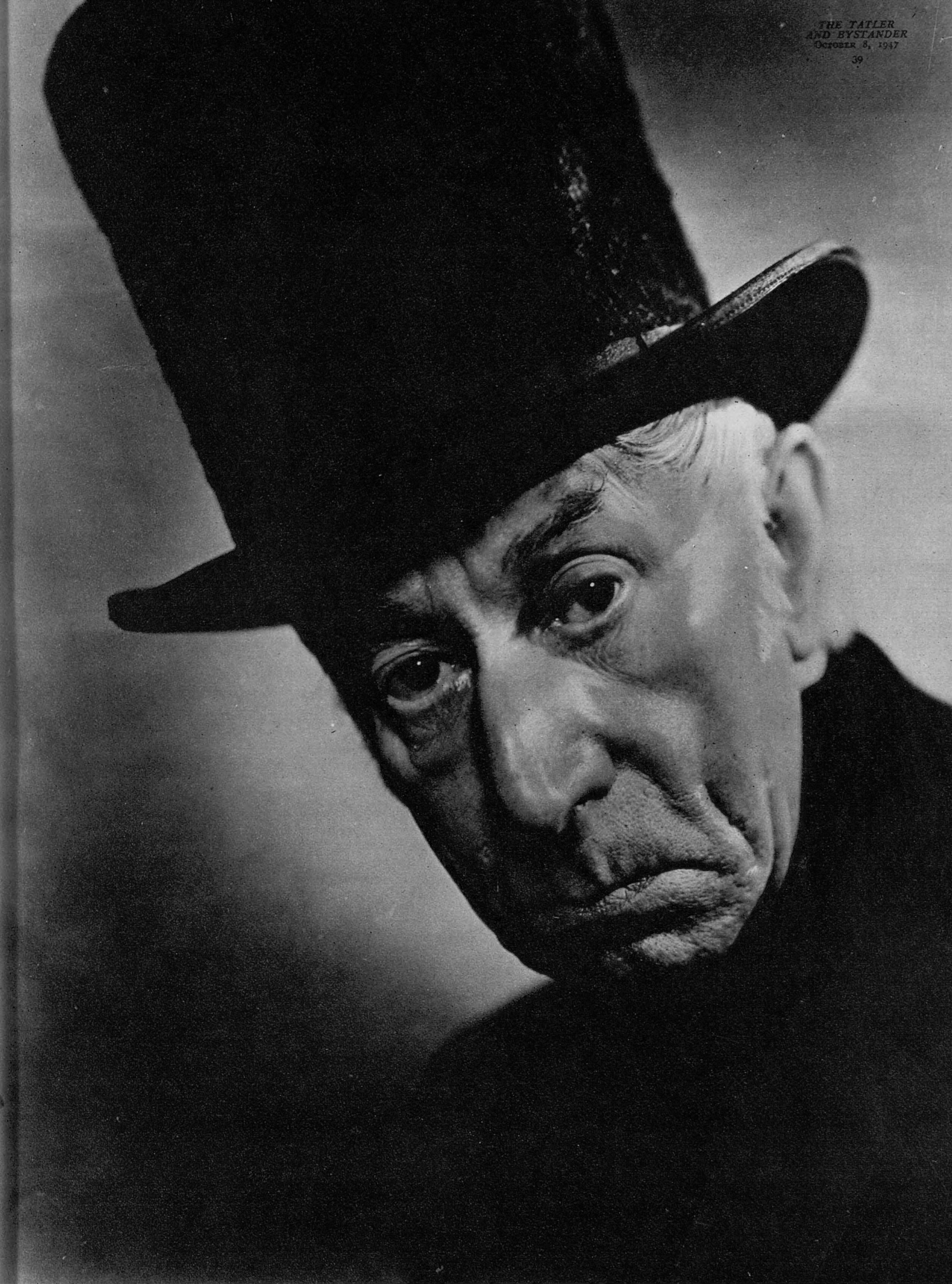
IN spite of Ivy's swift work, the poor wretch is an unconscionable time a-dying and this classic murder does not complete the catalogue of Ivy's crimes—or of the film's. But morals (Hays Code) are satisfied by her throwing herself down the lift shaft in preference to hanging.

What is the exquisite Miss Fontaine doing in this waxworks?—she looks as though she knew no better than we. And what is a real actress like Miss Sara Allgood doing in the absurdly small part of a maid? She plays it so immaculately that even one of her entrances with a tea-tray, and an "As you please, sir," has more life than all the rest of this incredible picture. *Ivy* wins my booby-prize, against some close competition.

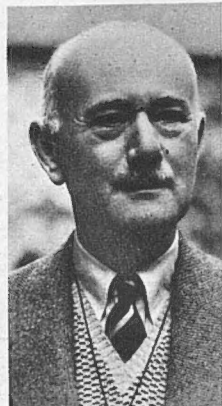
The reason for reviving *Random Harvest* (with Ronald Colman and Greer Garson) at the Empire is easy to understand: it was one of the biggest successes ever recorded at British box offices. The reason for that success I find harder to understand. At the Leicester Square Theatre, George Brent, who has in his time been leading man to Garbo and to Bette Davis, appears opposite Miss Yvonne de Carlo and a camel in *Slave Girl*: Hollywood's interpretation of the lure of the East is another thing I cannot understand. Reminding us that the French can make as bad pictures as anybody else, *Au Petit Bonheur*, at Studio One, is a painfully unfunny farce which makes it difficult to understand what we ever saw in Danielle Darrieux.

GIBB
McLAUGHLIN

One of the best-known character actors in British films, Gibb McLaughlin is seen as Mr. Sowerberry the undertaker in the forthcoming Cineguild film of *Oliver Twist*. It was in 1920 that he first appeared in a production from Elstree, and since then he has made films in practically every European country. The son of a Scottish glass manufacturer with a business in Hull, he was first destined for the wholesale clothing business, but an offer to play in Robert Courtneidge's "Arcadians" was eagerly accepted and from there it was not far to the West End and a stage and film career. Dressed for the part of Mr. Sowerberry in a grubby black suit of scrumpy cut, tight knee breeches and funereal top hat, he becomes that macabre character himself, an impressive figure in the gallery of mid-Victorian villains paraded in the novel and film



George Bilainkin.

TRAVELLING IN
EUROPE

H.E. Sir Hugue Knatchbull-Hugessen, British Ambassador to Belgium and Minister to Luxembourg

BRUSSELS.—Daily, for an hour-and-a-half, before breakfast, in the dignified drawing-room of the imposing British Embassy in Brussels, are to be heard Chopin Études, the compositions of Bach and Beethoven. The shy, slim, æsthetic, tall pianist is Sir Hugue Knatchbull-Hugessen, since September 1944 British Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, who began to play at the age of five. He chooses these composers because he prefers "square, solid" music.

Maybe, on the world stage, the capital of a State of 8,000,000 inhabitants in Europe attracts

little attention; the people are divided into pro-Leopold and anti-Leopold camps; there is audible concern at the astronomic rise in the cost of living, and in the black market. Belgians ask how much longer the riches in its packed shops and well-filled restaurants will last. Others think the wealth is safe, being due to millions of dollars earned by undisclosed exports of uranium from the Congo.

BUT, as Hugessen contemplates retirement, before he is sixty-two next March, to a residence in Kent he can glance back at an astonishingly full career. Scholar at Eton, he was in the Lower Boats, and went on to Balliol, Oxford. Lacking an income of £400 to qualify for the Diplomatic Service, he passed the competitive examination to become a clerk in the Foreign Office in 1908.

The youth who began quietly in Constantinople was to return to Turkey's new capital at a most stirring stage in our relations, in February 1939. His Embassy for five years included both successes and setbacks. First, the achievement of our formal alliance. Then the knowledge, ingeniously kept from the democracies for years crucial to our survival, of the remarkable treaty von Papen succeeded in wresting in 1941 from our allies. The Turks' secret German pact is described by Hugessen as "a natural measure of temporary reinsurance in unforeseen circumstances, for which they were in no way responsible."

Hugessen, made Ambassador to China in 1936, had already felt life's sharp edges. He was travelling in the back of a car from Nanking to Shanghai. Suddenly a machine-gun bullet from one of five Japanese aircraft went through him. After a month in hospital, and convalescence in the East Indies, he was unemployed from February until May 1938. Then he headed a department in the Foreign Office and watched the Munich crisis.

WHEN Kent seems too quiet, Hugessen will ponder on the excitement of having been Chargé d'Affaires of the Paris Embassy for several days at thirty-six, in his superior's absence; the triumph of the Latin and Greek scholar in mastering Russian, while Minister in Riga to the Baltic trio; the lively settings of Tehran, with the present ruler's father as sovereign; years in Brussels as Counsellor, during Europe's warlike peace between hostilities, and the development of lasting affection for the loveliness of hospitable little Luxembourg, where he is also Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. Kent will not provide "the satisfaction of knowing what is going on." But knowing so much, will he not fill in the gaps himself, day by day? I think so.



The field going over in the Colonel John McKie Memorial Challenge Cup Hurdle Race on the Scone Palace racecourse



Mr. G. Cooper's Beau Ideal, winner of the St. Johnstone Selling Handicap



Lady Abertay with her daughter, the Hon. June Barrie, and Miss Sheila Blake



The Countess of Mansfield presenting the McKie Challenge Cup to Lord Grimthorpe



Mrs. Peter Gibbings discussing the programme between races with the Maclaine of Lochbuie

THE PERTH HUNT

Scottish Steeplechasing Opens



The Earl of Lindsay chatting with the Earl of Southesk in the paddock



Col. Murray and Mr. R. O. H. Maitland, two of the Hunt officials. The weather throughout the meeting was very fine



THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
OCTOBER 8, 1947
41

All Joy leading the field early on in the exciting Stewards' Selling Handicap Hurdle Race



The crowded Members' Stand. The meeting was followed by the Hunt Ball, photographs of which will be published next week

TWO-DAY AUTUMN MEETING AT SCONE

Very Successfully, with Well-Filled Cards and a Big Attendance



Lady Beresford-Peirse with Sir James Wilson, of Inverrossachs



The Countess of Erroll with her husband, Capt. Iain Moncrieffe



Miss L. Lund, from Denmark, Miss L. Foster, of Seggieden, and Miss H. Schultz, Sweden



Mrs. Borland, Mrs. Probott-Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Bremen, of Washington, U.S.A.



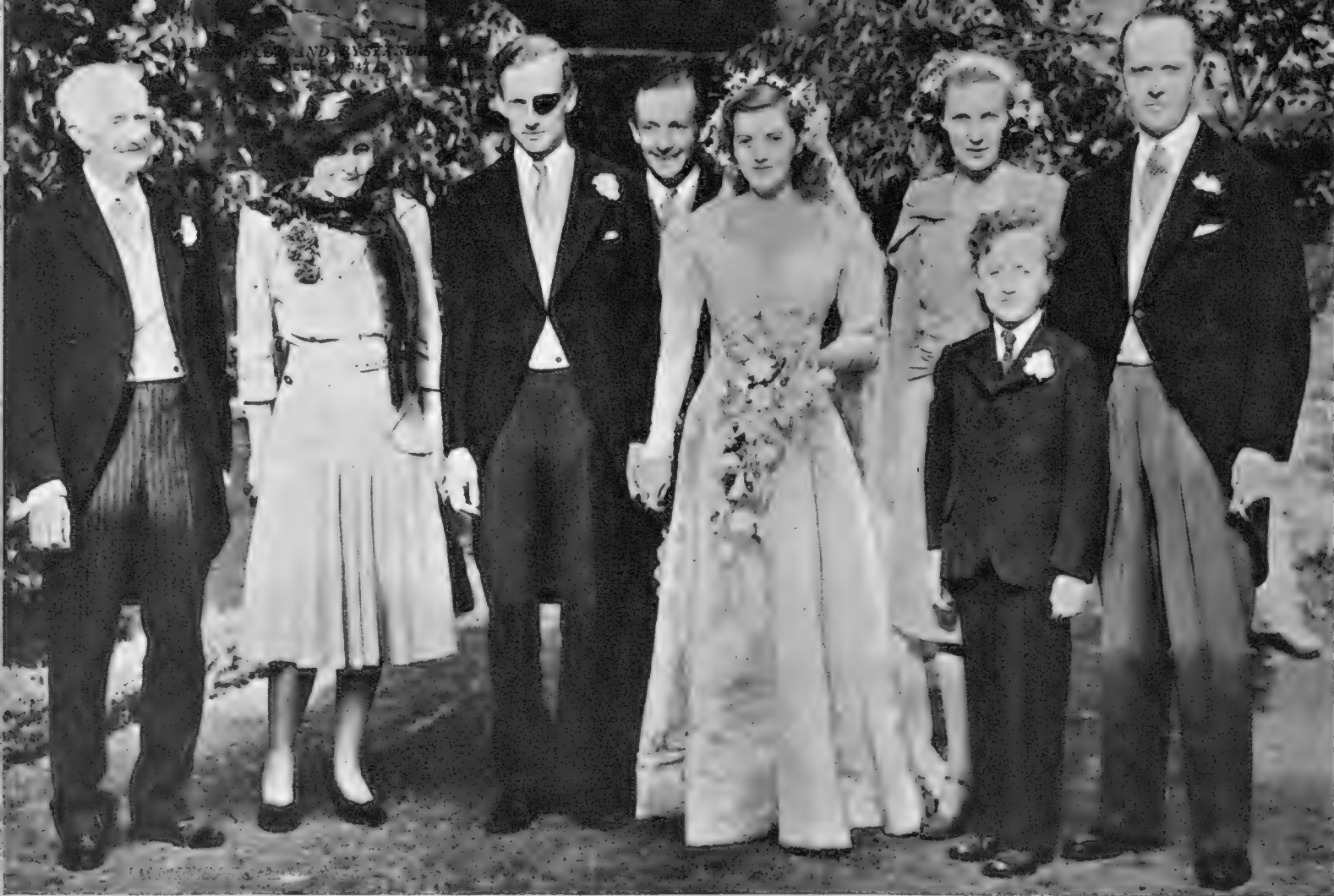
Cdr. the Hon. R. Coke, the Earl and Countess of Airlie, Miss Grimston, Lady Griselda Ogilvy; behind, Lord Ogilvy and Major P. Corridor



Mrs. Hamilton Campbell with Miss Penelope Harbord-Hamond, a relative of the Earl of Suffield



Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy, Major James Drummond-Hay, of Seggieden, and the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, brother of the Earl of Airlie



Captain and Mrs. Yvo FitzHerbert, with their parents and other relatives at their recent wedding, described by Jennifer below. The group includes Mr. and Mrs. Eden FitzHerbert, the bridegroom, the bride, Mrs. Oliver Thynne, Mr. Oliver Thynne, Master Sheridan Thynne, and (behind) Mr. Tom FitzHerbert, the bridegroom's brother, who was best man

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL



Andrew-Rugge Price, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Rugge-Price, who was the only page at the wedding

mother. This was held in place by a head-dress of stephanotis and jasmine. Miss Dill, who was given away by her stepfather, Mr. Oliver Thynne, was followed up the aisle by three

A LOVELY bright September day enhanced the beauty of the country wedding of Capt. Yvo FitzHerbert to Miss June Dill. This took place at St. Andrew's Church, South Stoke, which was beautifully decorated with large mixed bowls of pink lilies, pink and white chrysanthemums, white gladioli and pink carnations, which had been arranged by the bride's mother, Mrs. Oliver Thynne. The bride, who is very fair and attractive, wore a picture dress of really lovely cream brocade which had actually been bought forty years before and put away, and was given to the bride by Mrs. Ulric Thynne to make into her wedding dress. With it she wore a beautiful Brussels lace veil which had belonged to her great-grand-

small attendants, Andrew Rugge-Price, who wore a cream satin suit, and two little bridesmaids, Penelope Bowen and Clare Addis, who wore long cream net dresses piped with pink, with pink sashes, and had wreaths of mixed pink flowers on their hair.

Mr. Thomas FitzHerbert was best man to his brother, and the ushers, who cleverly fitted the many guests into the church, included Capt. Christopher Thursfield, whose wife was also at the wedding, the bride's cousin, Capt. Richard Dill, who had flown over from Germany for the wedding, Mr. "Pip" Greenwell, Mr. John Elliot, and the bride's small stepbrother, Sheridan Thynne, who, although only eight years old, was an enthusiastic and efficient usher.

AFTERWARDS, Col. and Mrs. Thynne held a reception at their charming house Panteras, at South Stoke, where there was also a marquee on the lawn. The flowers here were carried out in the same colour-scheme as in the church, except for the buffet tables, on which stood bowls of white heather.

The bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eden FitzHerbert, the latter looking elegant in beige, with brown accessories, had flown over the day before from their lovely home Swynnerton, near Dublin, and received the guests with Col. and Mrs. Thynne. These included Sir Frederick and Lady Carden, Col.

and Mrs. Ulric Thynne and their very attractive daughter Mrs. Murray-Smith, accompanied by her husband, Major Murray-Smith, who is in the Blues, Col. and Mrs. Haslam, Col. and Mrs. Ruismann, the bride's godfather Mr. Claud Booth, Admiral and Mrs. Poland, Sir George Elliston, Major Rugge-Price and his very pretty wife, Lady Harwood, Major and Mrs. Hall Dare, Miss Kit Misa, Mr. Justice Lilley and Mrs. Lilley, and Lady Fox.

After the bride had cut the cake, Capt. Dill proposed the health of the young couple, who later left for a honeymoon at Porto Fino, where Capt. FitzHerbert had luckily made reservations before the new restrictions came in. The bridegroom was in the 8th Hussars during the war, fighting with a reconnaissance brigade in France in the early days, and was evacuated at Dunkirk, then later in action with his regiment in the Middle East.

OCTOBER 1st is a date in the sportsman's year greeted with enthusiasm equalled only on the "Glorious Twelfth," and no gun-lover looks forward with greater eagerness and zest to the opening of the pheasant-shooting season than the King, who loves nothing more than a day's sport in the coverts. To Sandringham, where the birds seem more plentiful this year than last, the King went with a small party of guns after his return south from

Balmoral, for what has become a standing feature of the Royal year, a short stay in Norfolk at the start of the season.

Her Majesty remained in Scotland, where the two Princes rejoined her after their brief "wedding-dress" visit to London, for the Sandringham shooting parties are, in the tradition established by King Edward VII. and King George V., men-only affairs. Before going to Sandringham, His Majesty broke his journey with a short stay at Buckingham Palace, where a number of important matters, including an audience for Mr. Attlee, the Prime Minister, awaited his attention.

At Balmoral, Princess Margaret has been spending a lot of her time writing her first big public speech, and preparing, with the aid of her sister's advice, for her first really important public function, the launching of a liner at Belfast on October 16th. Major Arthur Penn, that most charming and courteous of Palace officials, who is treasurer to the Queen, is to be in attendance on the Princess, who is to make a three-days stay in Ulster, including one whole day's drive through the Irish countryside. Present plans are that the Royal party shall fly over, and stay at Government House, Hillsborough, with the Governor, Admiral the Earl Granville, and Countess Granville, who is, of course, the Princess's aunt.

THE Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, was packed for the opening of the brief season of the Vienna State Opera, which was conducted on the opening night by Herr Josef Krips, when they played *Don Giovanni*.

By a happy chance, this opening coincided with the British Government terminating the formal state of war with Austria, which means the resumption of full commercial and financial dealings between the two countries and normal diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Austria.

Dr. Schmid, the Austrian Minister, who composes music as one of his hobbies, was in the Royal box with the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, the Foreign Minister and Mrs. Bevin, and Lord and Lady Pakenham.

There were also many members of the Corps Diplomatique in the audience, including the French Ambassador and his lovely wife Mme. Massigli, the Italian Chargé d'Affaires and Mme. Migone, H.E. the Hungarian Minister and Mme. Bede, the Irish High Commissioner and Mrs. Dulanty, and Monsieur Escher, of the Swiss Legation. In the stalls I saw the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Sir Orme Sargent, with Lady Sargent, Mr. Horabin, M.P., and his wife, Prince and Princess Galitzine and Miss Elizabeth Schumann. I noticed Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark had a large party of friends in their box, which faces the Royal box.

A few nights later I went again to hear and watch Ljuba Welitsch give a superb performance in *Salome*, with music by Richard Strauss. The whole cast were excellent down to the smallest part, and with Clemens Krauss conducting this lovely music, it was an enthralling and enjoyable evening.

AMONG others enjoying this performance were Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, who had just returned from Scotland. Sir George was Austrian Minister here from 1920-1938, when he became a naturalised British subject. Lady Cunard was in the Royal box with a party of friends, and others in the audience included Sir Charles Birkin, Mr. Geoffrey Dearbergh, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom

Berington, who had returned a few days before from America, where he had been on a business trip and his wife to visit her relatives; with them was Mr. Bob McCurdy, of Texas, who was on his first visit to London for ten years. Also Mr. Anthony Gishford, and Mr. Gabriel Pascal, the film producer, whom I noticed with friends waiting for his car.

LONDON has filled up again after the holidays, and when I lunched at Claridge's recently I found the restaurant full of familiar faces, many of them looking tanned after the wonderful summer. Charles, in his imperturbable manner, was quietly managing to fit everyone in, even if they sometimes had to wait ten minutes for a table.

One of the first people I saw was Viscountess Alexander, just over from Canada, looking very chic in brown. She stopped to talk to Lady Bingham on her way to her table. Lady Sybil Phipps was lunching with a party which included the Countess of Hardwicke, hatless in grey. Lady Bridget Poulett, very neat in a black coat and skirt and lunching *à deux*, was also hatless, and another pretty girl with no hat was Viscountess Vaughan, who was lunching with her husband and his grandmother and aunt, Mme. de Bittencourt and Mrs. George Phillippi.

Lord and Lady Astor's attractive Argentine-born daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jakey Astor, was lunching with a party, and the Marquess of Tavistock was at a table near the door. Lord Woolton, the wizard of food rationing during the war years, came in late and sat at a quiet table on the side, and with his companion worked on documents right through their meal. Two other men lunching quietly together were Mr. Jimmy Jarvis and Mr. Hans Hankey; Mr. Frank Goldsmith and his brother were

and that they are already full in both hotels until after Christmas. This is not surprising, as not only is there the wonderful interest of many species of big game within an hour's motor run of Nyeri, but there is also excellent golf and tennis, good squash courts and very good trout-fishing.

Another traveller, this time one who has returned to England, is Capt. B. Elliott-Strauss, of the U.S.N., son of Admiral Joseph Strauss, of Washington. He is now commanding officer of the U.S. cruiser Fresno, which is visiting English waters for six months. Before the war Capt. Elliott-Strauss was assistant U.S. Naval Attaché in London, and during the war was special observer with Viscount Mountbatten's staff of Combined Operations.

AFTER lunch I went on to see Molyneux's winter collection, and here I found the rooms full of women anxiously looking at the clothes and wondering how best to invest their treasured coupons, which are scarcer than ever. They were really lovely clothes, made of beautiful material that one felt would last for years, and, as with all Capt. Molyneux's collections, beautiful in their simplicity and detail.

Another lovely collection I saw that week was Angèle Delanghe's. Here again the clothes were quite lovely, especially, I thought, her afternoon and evening dresses. Several of the latter, I was interested to hear, were made of the new British velveteen, which looks and feels like the most lovely Lyons velvet.

Among those looking at these two collections were the Marchioness of Hartington, in a bright red velvet hat, accompanied by her sisters-in-law, the Ladies Elizabeth and Anne Cavendish; Lady Brabourne, with her mother-in-law; Marie Marchioness of Willington with her son and his attractive wife, Lady Newtown Butler wearing an unusual shade of yellow, Lady Waleran, Lady Amy Biddulph in purple, Lady Smiley in grey, Mrs. Julie Thompson, always one of the best-dressed women at any gathering, looking very chic in black, also Mrs. John Rogerson and the Hon. Mrs. Parshall, who had been attending several family gatherings that week to celebrate the eightieth birthday of her father, Lord Bledisloe. Lady Rothermere and her sister, the Countess of Dudley, were two more I saw watching Mme. Delanghe's collection, as were Mrs. Margaret Sweeny, Mrs. Anthony Acton, Mrs. Jackie Ward and Mrs. Robin Wilson.

THE last few weeks before any wedding, with the many preparations, are a terribly busy time for all brides, and in this way the days of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth are no exception. But in spite of her very full days, H.R.H., who is always one of the first to help any good cause, has graciously consented to attend the Flower Ball at the Savoy Hotel on November 12th.

This ball is in aid of the St. Loyes College for Training and Rehabilitation of the Disabled, which is at Exeter, and here both men and women suffering from physical disabilities are trained so that they may enter industrial life on equal terms with the able-bodied. The ball is being run entirely by a young committee. Lady Sarah Savile is the chairman, Lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice the vice-chairman, and Miss Rosemary Buller the very hard-working honorary secretary, and it is from her, at 231, Cromwell Mansions, S.W.5, that you can get tickets, which are £2 10s. each and already selling fast.



Eric Ager
Prince Richard and Prince William, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's two sons. Prince William will be a page at the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Lt. Philip Mountbatten, R.N.



The Hon. Patrick and the Hon. Sarah Boyle, who are the children of Viscount Kelburn, R.N., D.S.C., and Viscountess Kelburn, of Marwell House, near Winchester, with their baby brother, the Hon. Nicholas Boyle (right), and cousin, Diana Lyle, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Michael Lyle, of Riemore. They were spending a holiday with their grandmother, Lady Lyle, in Perthshire

lunching at a nearby table with Mr. Jimmy de Rothschild.

OTHERS I noticed in the foyer that day were the Duchess of Norfolk, in pale blue, with her stepmother, Lady Belper; Mrs. Ronnie Gilbey, very smart in grey, and Lady Bettie Walker, who told me she was flying back to her home in Kenya two days later. Lady Bettie and her husband, Mr. George Walker, went to Kenya some years ago to farm, which they have done very successfully. But they also saw the great need for hotels in the district, so built one in Nyeri, and now run two, the Outspan and the White Rhino, both fitted with every modern comfort. As may be imagined, Lady Bettie, who came over in May to present her elder daughter, Honor, at one of the Presentation Garden Parties, has been inundated with enquiries from friends wanting to winter in Kenya, especially now that seeking the sun in foreign climes is impossible with the currency regulations. She told me many people are flying out, several in chartered planes,



The bride brings refreshment for her attendants, June and Susan Marsham-Townshend



"Never had such delicious wedding-cake," says June, while Susan waits expectantly



"Wish we went to a wedding like this every day, don't you, June?"



"If there's one thing that requires undivided attention, it's ice-cream"



Capt. and Mrs. Timothy Stobart link arms in a wedding toast. The bridegroom is the only son of the late Capt. R. L. Stobart and of Mrs. Jack Smith, and the bride was formerly Miss Ann Pawson, only daughter of the late Mr. Hargrave Pawson, of Northumberland

Wedding at the Grosvenor Chapel



Miss Pallas Blair-Drummond and Miss E. Daubeny at the reception, which was given by Lady Kennedy, the bride's aunt



Miss P. Rowley, Miss E. Krefting and Lieut. R. W. Krefting were also at the reception, at 22, South Audley Street



Major and Mrs. Hugh Rose, who were married in August. Mrs. Rose was formerly Miss Georgina Philippi



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith, mother and step-father of the bride. They live in Chelsea, and at Ringwood, Hants

Swacht

The Cowdray Gymkhana



Mr. A. M. Langdale and Col. S. V. Kennedy with Mrs. Kennedy at the Cowdray Hunt Pony Club Gymkhana



Delia Pearson, Rita Lyon and Virginia Pearson were an exceedingly smart trio in the team competition



Judy, Heather and Rachel Kennedy, another good team. The gymkhana was held at Oaklands Park, Chichester



Mrs. M. Samways, the hon. secretary (right), and Miss Phipps Hornby with a trayful of trophies



Dr. Oropesa, the Venezuelan Ambassador, Dr. Porras, the Panamanian Minister, and Dr. Lozano-Agudelo, Chargé d'Affaires for Colombia, at the reception given at Claridge's by the Venezuelan Chargé d'Affaires, Dr. Cabanas, in honour of Dr. Fernandez, the Venezuelan Minister of Health



Dr. Luciani, Venezuelan Consul-General, and Dr. Luis Chataing of the Venezuelan Health Ministry



Dr. Fernandez, for whom the reception was given, chatting with H.E. the Haitian Minister, M. Stephen Alexis



Mme. Blanco Fombona, H.E. the Paraguayan Minister, Gen. Aguilera, and Señorita Blanco Fombona at the reception. Dr. Fernandez was visiting Britain for the International Conference at the Society of Surgeons

Reception for the Venezuelan Health Minister



Mrs. Gerald Annesley, wife of the successful Irish owner, and Mr. Nesbit Waddington, manager of the Aga Khan's stud in Eire



Miss Emer Rutledge and her mother, Mrs. P. J. Rutledge, who is the wife of the former Minister for Justice in Eire



The Hon. Jeanne French, who is a sister of Lord de Freyne, with Col. Arthur Blake, the Irish trainer



Poole, Dublin
Major Peter Nugent, son and heir of Sir Walter Nugent, Bt., and Miss Joan Greville Williams, daughter of Col. K. Greville Williams

At Baldoye Races

Michael Killanin

An Irish Commentary

Visitors from Westminster

THIS is the last commentary which will appear under my name. During the year that I have written for readers of *The Tatler* I have tried to report and comment on Irish life in the broadest sense, devoting space to culture, art, politics, and various sporting activities. My postbag has brought me in letters of praise and abuse which I have enjoyed reading very much and which I have answered in person wherever possible. To the average Englishman, Ireland is purely a country where the gentry hunt and fish, whilst those not thus employed spend their time sticking pins into the British Government. If I have been able to dispel those false illusions in the smallest way, I shall feel happy. Ireland, though a young country from the viewpoint of independence, is an old though vigorous nation in its history and tradition.

As I write these lines the papers announce the visit of Mr. de Valera to Paris for the Marshall Plan Conference, and it is gratifying to hear of the friendly reception he has had, especially from the countries which believe in a Christian and liberal outlook. Though we are small as a nation, our tentacles reach far, with our religious and political associations both in Europe and on the continent of America.

THERE is one good thing about the English travel ban, and that is that Westminster M.P.s, who are usually most interested in all the political problems of other countries and continents but neglect the problems nearer home, have found themselves in Ireland—some for the first time.

Two whom I saw during the summer, however, were Irishmen, one representing South Belfast, and the other Brighton. The former was Mr. Connolly Gage, a barrister at the English Bar who hails from Derry. There is often a good deal of criticism of certain Northern Members who sit at Westminster, accusing them of not being in London sufficiently. To my mind the solution is simple, for they should be sitting in Dublin, which is now only two-and-a-half hours away by express train. Gage, however, is in a different position, for he works and lives in England and visits his constituency whenever opportunity arises. During the war he was in the Judge-Advocate's office and was attached to the Canadian Army. He has been an M.P. since 1945.

The Member for Brighton is William Teeling, whom I have known for many years and is, like myself, a Galway man. He is a frequent visitor here. His mother was a Burke from Ower and his wife is the daughter of the late, and sister of the present, O'Connor Don. They own one of the finest Georgian houses—Lucan House, just outside Dublin, at present the Italian Minister's residence. Teeling has taken an active interest in politics since his earliest days at Magdalen College, Oxford. After being defeated when Conservative candidate for Silver-town he spent three years studying economic and unemployment conditions in Canada, the U.S.A. and Europe, and later he travelled extensively in the Far East and in the Dominions of Australia and New Zealand. He is now about to go off again on an official visit to Japan. He has found time to write a dozen books, mostly of a political nature, and during the war served as a Flight Lieutenant in the Royal Air Force.

But these two Irishmen were not the only two Westminster visitors. Another was the Labour Member for Batley and Morley, who has been in the House since 1939 and has been Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means since 1945. In this latter capacity he sits as a deputy to the Speaker. Another was Mr. Anthony Eden, who holidayed in the south, whilst another was Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, who has been in Parliament since 1931, held office under Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Churchill, and served in the R.N.V.R. His wife is a Guinness—Lord Iveagh's second daughter. There were several others also who paid us a visit.

I HAVE been asked to write a few lines on this year's grouse-shooting. Grouse-shooting here has never been on the same scale as on the Scottish or Yorkshire moors, any more than our partridges in a grazing country can compare with those of the arable land of East Anglia. On the other hand, on many bogs this year more grouse have been seen than in the past few years, and this is encouraging, though it is by no means universal. The grouse deteriorated especially during the war years, when cartridges were scarce. This resulted in a noticeable increase of vermin, especially of grey or hood crows and magpies, and at the same time the packs were not broken up and the old birds shot down. Now both large and small sporting-right owners, with the assistance of other interested persons such as the sheep farmers, are beginning once again to tackle the vermin problem.

During the last year there have been discussions in Dublin, with the Government and by deputies, on how best to improve the shooting amenities of the country. Over here, to fish for salmon or sea-trout it is necessary to have a licence. The money thus collected, plus any fishery rates, is spent in the area by an elected board of Fishery Conservators, in the keeping and the improving of the fishing. Many sportsmen and farmers are strongly of the opinion that the same should be the case with the gun and game licences, and I would not be surprised during the coming years to see an official scheme, covered by an Act of Parliament, coming into being whereby the licence money was returned into the areas for vermin destruction and game protection, instead of being absorbed in the general State income.

I HAVE just been turning over my articles for the past year and would like to make the following observations:

(1) Donagh MacDonagh's verse play, *Happy as Larry*, of which I have written, is now at the Mercury Theatre, London. It is well worth seeing. If it goes to the West End, I hope it will not be to a very large theatre as it needs intimate surroundings.

(2) Gormanston Castle, which was sold for a film studio, is advertised again. That puts an end to the hope for Irish films, though I gather there are other plans materialising.

(3) As a result of the B.B.C. Third Programme "talent search," which I mentioned, Mr. Aarland Ussher, author and philosopher, recently broadcast on the present state of letters in Ireland. It was, so I hear, one of the best talks so far heard on the B.B.C.

That is all, and while I plan to devote more time to book-writing, I will say "Slán agat."



Priscilla of Paris

That Ironmaster Again

THE FARM ON THE ISLAND.—Back to the land again! Brought down safely to my little earthly Paradise by the faithful old bus. We came by night, thus making a cool trip and also dodging the gendarmes, who might have been inquisitive about the horsepower of Miss Chrysler 1926. Not that this widely published threat of limiting us to cars under 15 h.p. has yet come into force. The commission that manages these things failed to realise that, our political gentry having disbanded for their holidays, it has no power to enforce the foolish decisions it so unwisely published in the daily Press.

Nevertheless, gendarmes read newspapers, after a fashion, and they being notoriously brainless but zealous, I thought it better to be on the safe side. Also I enjoy driving at night, and, anyway, it got me to my Island eight hours earlier. I left town immediately after the gala organised by the Paris Association of the R.A.F., when the British film *A Matter of Life and Death* was presented to an enthusiastic audience. It had a great reception, and is now doing wonderful business.

I ALSO went to the private pre-view of the new version of a be-whiskered melodrama taken from Georges Ohnet's novel *Le Maître de Forges*, that has been translated into every language and wept over by innumerable generations of romantic readers. In my early, far-away High School days I remember devouring it under its English title of *The Ironmaster* and simply wallowing in its sentimentality. About fifty people were crowded into the tiny studio where the presentation took place, and while the youngsters of to-day giggled, the Old-Timers reminisced and dropped a furtive tear as they spoke of the dead and gone barnstormers who had played the rôle of the aristocratic Claire

de Beaulieu, now so charmingly acted by beautiful little Helène Perdrière.

She was there, of course, in flesh and blood, accompanied by Jean Fleur, who was one of her partners in the French stage version of *The Ten Little Niggers*. There were also: Jean Chevrier, the producer; Jeanne Provost, ex-sociétaire of the Comédie Française; that most delightful comedienne, Marguerite Pierry, and her amusing actor-husband, Marcel Simon. (No relation of the Michel of the same surname.) Mary Bell, back from her short rest in Corsica, arrived with the Rev. Father Bruckberger, author of that fine French film *Les Anges du Péché*, that one hopes will be seen in London. He was a picturesque figure in his Dominican robes, sandalled feet and tonsured head, but he was puffing away at the fattest, blackest, most odoriferous pipe I have ever met in polite society and it rather spoiled the picture. Doubly so for me, since I was sitting behind him and I could hardly see the screen for the smoke.

THIS was a slight preparation for my journey, as, out in the open country, I could hardly see the road for the mist. It cleared off by the time I reached Chartres, and after that the straight, deserted roads were pleasant. The difficult hour of night-driving comes at dawn, when it is light enough to see the road but one's eyes are still dazzled from the white glare of the headlights. In the dear, dull days before the war I would have stopped and had a snooze in the shelter of the nearest haystack, but in these troublous times one might wake to find oneself carless.

I reached the causeway leading to the Island when the tide was at its lowest and the newly-risen sun lit the far-stretching, gleaming sands with a golden glow. I dug up a mess of clams and exchanged pleasantries with some fisher

friends before adjourning, in their company, to the nearest *auberge* for hot coffee and some miraculously white bread, but no butter.

At the main village the town-crier was out already, beating his drum in the market-place. "Oyez . . . oyez . . . good folk . . ." and the good folk learned that on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays the butcher-shops would be closed. "By Order." (He did not mention whose.)

I REACHED home, however, to find my usual meat-vendor's errand-boy on the doorstep. He had neither basket nor apron and there was no carrier on his bicycle. He was wearing shorts, and a sports jacket with big pockets, from one of which he produced his order book. "Bonjour, Madame! Has Madame had a good journey?" he asked. "What can I bring Madame this week? The mutton is prime just now, there will be some very nice veal to-morrow, and the beef will be just right by Thursday!" "But what about . . .?" I began, somewhat diffidently. He grinned cheerfully. "One arranges oneself," he said.

So, what would you? The laddie tempted me and I did eat.

Voilà!

● André de Fouquières met an old friend in a crowded Metro carriage; he was seated, with his eyes closed, in a comfortable corner-seat. "Feeling ill, old chap?" asks André.

"No," answers the friend, "but I can't bear to see so many women standing up!"



On the judges' stand: Miss Jane Findlay, Major Hugh Brassey, M.C., Lt.-Col. W. E. Lyon and Mrs. C. Berry



Mrs. G. Daglish, Mrs. Gerald Glover and Lady Earle, wife of Sir Hardman Earle, Bt., were among the spectators



Mr. H. Lyon demonstrates an instrument to Lady Cromwell, Lord Cromwell and Mr. Michael Talbot Ponsoby

At the Pytchley Hunt Pony Club Hunter Trials, Chapel Brampton, Northants

R. Holloway



Mr. H. E. Broun, a steward of the Hawthorn Hill Club, who is also a director of the Embassy Theatre, with Mrs. W. Dawkes and his wife



Mr. Michael de Pret, Mr. P. Serby and...
weighing-room. Attendances this year at Hawthorn Hill
the meetings is a great tribute to the



Lady Pulbrook and her daughter,
Miss Barbara Crowde



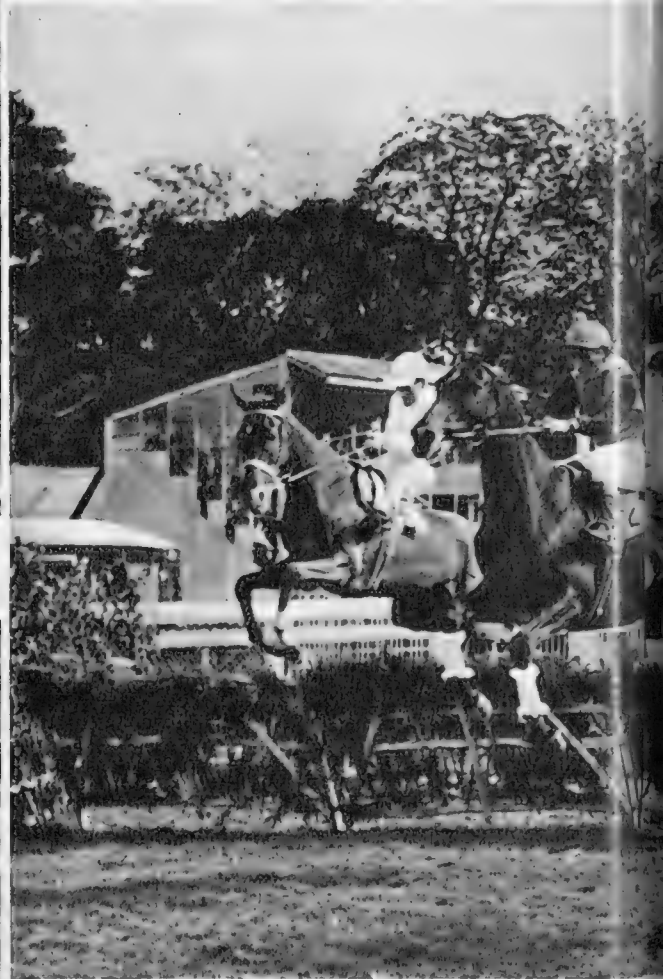
Lady Veronica Hussey, the Hon. Mrs.
Rupert Byass and Mrs. A. Macarthy



Lt.-Col. Huish, secretary of the Pony Turf
Club, and Mr. Leonard Jayne, a director
of Hawthorn Hill



The Hon. Mrs. B. H. Burns, daughter of
the late Lord Duveen, Lady Pulbrook and
Miss M. A. Hornby



Three up and five to come-in.

OVER THE STICKS

A VERY keen interest in pony racing is being shown by followers of the "full-size" sport, and many members of famous racing clubs are seen frequently at Hawthorn Hill, that charming spot near Maidenhead and Windsor which was the scene of Household Brigade and other National Hunt meetings before the war.



John Colliver talk over the programme outside the Hill have been above average, and the success of efficiency of the directors and officials



Lady Throckmorton, wife of Sir Robert Throckmorton, who is the eleventh baronet, with her son and daughter, Charles and Joanna Smith-Bingham



g a hurdle in front of the stands

AT HAWTHORN HILL

An innovation at a meeting in September was a hurdle race over a distance of one-and-a-half miles, for which a field of sixteen runners was entered. The ponies showed remarkable speed and jumping form, and their performances could be watched easily, for owing to a shortage of leads, the race was run in two parts

Press Illustrations



The Earl of Portarlington with Mr. Geoffrey Moss and a friend



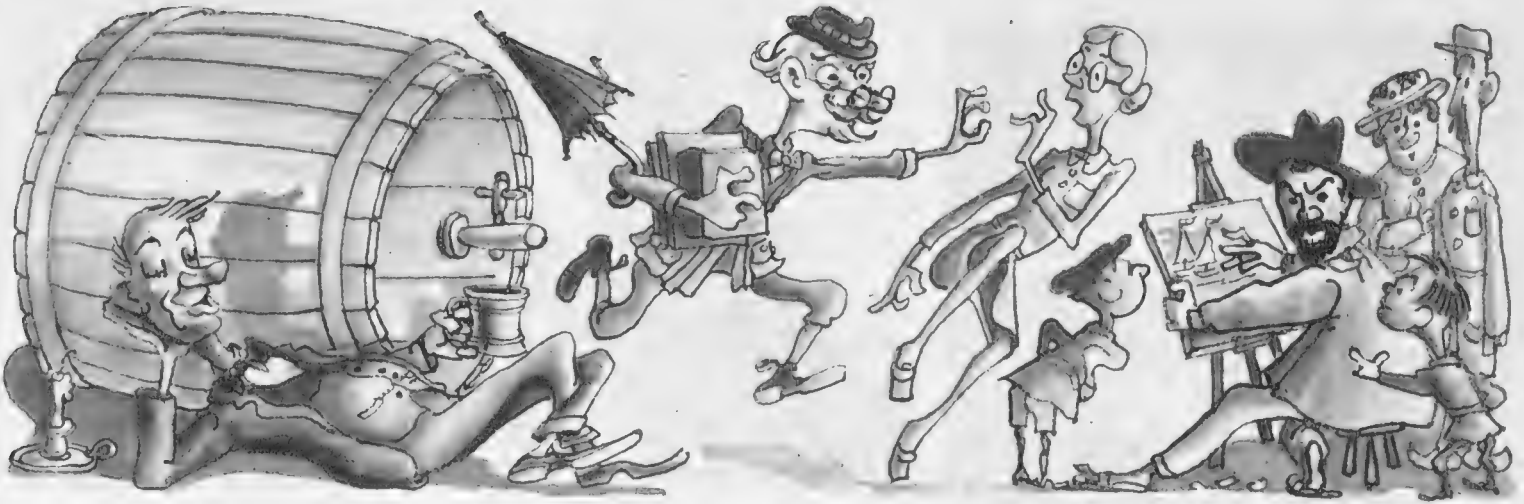
Robert Morley, the actor-playwright, Mrs. Morley, and their son, Sheridan



Mrs. L. Stirling helps to saddle Mrs. K. Heffer's Lillington for the Reading Two-Year-Old Plate



Miss Anne Morter and Miss Sheila Down were studying form critically outside the saddling enclosure



Pictorial embellishments by Wysard

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

HAVING been once introduced—in our golden boyhood on a farm, and with memorable results—to the historic beverage called Mead, we view with misgivings Auntie *Times's* buoyant announcement that mead is being made commercially in Cornwall and "will come on the market next year."

Mead is brewed normally from fermented honey, and you may recall that in her delightful family chats on English History, Mr. Belloc's Mrs. Markham describes it as "mildly exhilarating."

Mary: It would be horrible to think of them getting drunk!

Tommy: Who?

Mumma: She is speaking of our Saxon Forefathers, Tommy. We must remember that they were ruder than we are, for we all get better as time goes on; but they were of the same sturdy stuff as we are, and had the same self-control and decency, so I am sure they never got drunk—a horrible idea, as you rightly say.

It was, in fact, not intoxication which caused your sturdy Saxon forbears to stagger and weep and fall so frequently on their great thick straw-coloured noggins (as the Normans noticed), but pure emotionalism and *Weltschmerz* of a transcendental kind, such as afflicted Queen Victoria's Good John Brown in much the same way. This sensibility still moves the Race profoundly when thinking (e.g.) of lost Doggies, and our fear is that if mead becomes a national tippable again, the world may get the old false Norman impression, when they hear all that howling, that the Race is tight.

Barring that little matter of the Dean and Chapter of Windsor, who stole and sold our national Welch reliquary, the Croes Naid, *temp.* Edward VI, we esteem you Nordics so highly that this prospect is quite painfully diverting.

Efficiency

IF this story, told us by a chap just back from Central Europe, is not utterly new to you we shall be thrown into a perfect paroxysm of indifference:

A notable personage missed his gold watch and at once rang up the Chief of Police, ordering a rigorous search. An hour later, having found his watch on the table in another State apartment where he had left it, he rang up the Chief of Police once more.

"Never mind about my watch. I've found it."

"Too late."

"What d'you mean, too late?"

"All the prisoners confessed."

And that, children, is how Comrade Peter Rabbit foiled the wicked capitalist Fairy Baba-Yaga and went to tea with the Chief Commissar of Internal Affairs.

Playtime

A BLEAKLY terrifying Press-photograph of an eminent modern philosopher, looking like Nietzsche's Aunt Maudie rising off a hob in Hell, reminded us with relief of a story a woman told us once of Havelock Ellis, demonstrating that the thinker-boys are but human. Moreover they have their pastimes; often disconcerting and sometimes lewd.

Hume, who loved wine and taking girls to the Opéra in Paris, is one instance, Coleridge admits he sang "an old rude song" to his girlfriend Genevieve. The great Diderot, whose hobby was pinching women's knees, is even more *sympathique*. Catherine the Great herself, when she entertained that eminent boy at the Hermitage Palace, was laughingly forced to put a small table between them. How different, one might reflect, from a philosophic chat between Herbert Spencer and Queen Victoria. . . .

Our information is that the more profound the philosopher, the more need for good women to be wary when they see in his eye a reddish glint, born not of speculation on the Categorical Imperative or some new approach to Cartesian Innatism, but of the Will-to-Romp. As Wordsworth's Lucy pensively remarked after a tiring chase round Windermere:

Great men have been among us; hands that penn'd
And tongues that utter'd wisdom—better none;

But all the same, when those big boys unbend,
A girl's best friend's her Mumsie, or her gun.

Exit

SINCE the too-celebrated Dick Turpin did nothing much more dashing during his High Toby career (vide the Newgate Calendar) than seating a poor old woman of Loughton on her kitchen-fire to make her speak up, we doubt if the glamour-ridden Press boys were correct the other day in making this mediocre crook the hero of a romantic murder in a Bedfordshire house, said to be haunted.

What is interesting about Turpin is that when he came to what Moll Flanders calls "the steps and the string" (1739), he chatted with the hangman for a full half-hour before being swung off; topic unknown; but showing, whatever it was, that Mr. Turpin was less dumb than many a sahib in Mayfair. Half an hour! Evidently, as the manuals of etiquette recommend, Turpin had swiftly discovered a common interest with the hangman. As an amateur criminologist our growing conviction is that the bond between them was most likely philately. A philatelist at the gallows, deep in talk with a fellow-philatelist, would hardly notice time flying.

"How do you wet your gummy side?"

"I generally use a sponge."

"Do you? I make some woman stick her tongue out."

"It makes them very bad-tempered."

"Not if you beat them first."

"No, I suppose not. . . . I say, it's half-past eight!"

"So it is! Well, give my love to Stanley Gibbons."

Bong! Bong! Bong! . . . An ideal philatelic exit.

Bowl

SLIGHTLY suspicious of the number of "flower-bowls" occurring in a description of a noble 18th-century service of Sèvres porcelain recently auctioned—the Eighteenth Century was not crazy about flower-bowls—we recalled the story of Mme. de Pompadour and the eminent British Duke.

While in Paris the Duke was seen to admire a magnificent bowl of octagonal goldware, engraved with the Marquise's arms, on a stand in a distant part of the Pompadour's dressing-room, where intimate friends were admitted during the Favourite's toilette. On being informed, Pompadour next day ordered a replica from her goldsmith, bearing the ducal arms, to be sent to London. On seeing it unpacked the Duchess was delighted.

"How very kind of the Marquise! What a beautiful present! And so useful!"



And a few nights later, at a big dinner-party on the Duke's return, the Pompadour's gift, filled with mutton-broth, duly faced him at table.

Visitor

WHEN Hans Andersen slept in Piccadilly (as he did in 1857), the great Dane probably never dreamed that a whimsy girl would be describing him in a British journal in 1947 as "the kind of guest anybody would love to have."

You can see the bedroom Hans Andersen occupied every time your bus passes the corner of Bolton Street, where the great blank melancholy Coutts mansion faces Piccadilly, shabby and deserted and haunted by innumerable ghosts. Andersen had practically wished himself on the Dickens family at Gad's Hill, so the Dickens girls, who considered him "a bony bore," were glad when he stayed a few days with wealthy Miss Coutts for a change. As a guest, the creator of the most exquisite fairytales in existence—leaving out *Who's Who*—turned out a flop, being fussy, excessively childish, fond of gossip, and weeping frequently, with big blue Nordic eyes full of innocence and desolation. You wouldn't have much cared for the wayward, egocentric, temperamental Mr. Dickens as a guest, either. In fact the booksy boys are, almost without exception, the devil. The place for them, if you can't put them off, is the boxroom, where, when drunk or excited by publishers, they can't destroy the furniture.

For warning you thus we shall probably be trailed by P.E.N. Club narks, but truth is truth. It's hard to keep maids these days, and nobody likes a scandal anyway.

Macabre

IF there is a commemorative LCC plaque on the façade of No. 34/35 Howland Street, Fitzroy Square, Bloomsbury, these blood-shot old eyes have missed it. Probably there isn't, the LCC being interested chiefly in historic characters of proved respectability.

At the house in Howland Street, a Parisian critic recalled last week, Verlaine and Rimbaud lodged in September-December 1872, on their first visit to London; two of the major poets of France, shaggy, unkempt, quarrelsome, and rapulous. Oddly enough London delighted them. The dull, monotonous streets, the appalling British Sunday, the fogs, the mud, the smoke, the sinister underworld of Whitechapel and Soho, the bawling prophets of Hyde Park, the Thames (compared by Verlaine to a vast overflowing sewer), the bluefaced beggars, the decoated shoeblacks, the pubs with the *longues misses* serving *le bitter*—everything was just the sea of those macabre boys.

Their Howland Street landlady's impressions would be interesting also. Bloomsbury in 1872, you may recollect, was not the jungle of strange, horrible fauna we know and fear today, but a grab, decorous quarter inhabited by the Living dead in whiskers and top-hats. Relatively, as one might say, an Eden. (No offence.)



"But that one at the top gave me the most trouble"

EMMWOOD'S AVIARY: NO. 6

A vividly-coloured flying-fish rather than a bird proper, the Mortlake Paddler follows a venturesome and energetic mode of life



The True Blue Bird—or Mortlake Paddler

(*Permortlaca-Adputnia*)

Adult Male: General colour brick-red; dome of head usually crested with light or dark blue feathers (dependent on environment); other head feathers ashy-fulvous and shaggy, below beak and on mandibles; beak slightly bulbous and roseate; when in repose the bird has very noticeable woolly ruff feathers around the neck; when in action these feathers are not so noticeable; body feathers, upper coverts blue, under coverts white, blue rings on extremities; legs fleshy; feet blue and white, rubbery. Fresh-water bird.

Habits: This early visitor to our English rivers remains with us for but a short time (February-April). During its brief appearance, however, it

causes quite a ripple of excitement in the breast of the True Blue Bird Lover. The Paddlers have an amusing habit of hurrying from one point to another, paddling in and out of the water several times in a minute. During these aquabatics they often catch crabs. If a bridge happens to cross their path it is very interesting to watch them shoot under one side and out of the other.

Habitats: Breweries and common places such as Putney; very old and very True Blue historical piles; piles of historical liquid places—not necessarily watering.

Adult Female: Similar to the male; more adept at catching crabs.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

A LADY with a frugal mind has written to the Press protesting against the lengthening of skirts on account of the cloth shortage. However desirable this may be in some cases, there is no denying the sense of her suggestion; but why stop at skirts? Why not bring in a short Enabling Act tightening trousers? In the days of the First Gentleman it is on record that some of the bloods told their tailors that if they could get into them they would not have them. Waistcoats, of course, are doing the job off their own bat, and there is almost enough to spare in some people's to make a pair of shorts. Some think that economy might be effected in the size of hats, particularly of those worn by M.P.s.

Sizzerwitch Gossip

THAT is all we dare to call it at the moment, but the final acceptance date (October 7th) is upon us, and, therefore, things must take a very definite shape at once. It has been disclosed that, even if Monsieur L'Amiral had picked up a penalty by winning the Doncaster Cup, it was intended to run him in the Cesarewitch. He has already got 9 st. 8 lbs., so, if they were ready to start him with nearly 10 st., what ought we to think?

He is the best-class handicap horse in the race, and well do we know his capacity. The hard ground stopped him dead at Doncaster, but his trainer said that he was none the worse after the race, and, presumably, he ought to know. If they were ready to go for the Cesarewitch with a penalty, is it not arguable that they know what he can do without one? Is Voluntary good enough to beat him at 13 lbs.? I doubt it. Vic Oliver's gallant horse is, to my thinking, the only seasoned stayer left, now that Reynard Volant and Trimbush have gone, Field Day marked as doubtful, and Ford Transport, possibly, a light of other days. If Monsieur L'Amiral is to be beaten we may have to look elsewhere for his conqueror.

Lord Rosebery had not made up his mind immediately after the Edinburgh Gold Cup, which was only 1½ miles, whether to run Firemaster, Blue Peter's good-looking son, but now, presumably, it is intended to do so, for he is at the top of the betting. He is only a three-year-old, and it is a big task to set the young. Yet he gets 21 lbs. from the top-weight; his blood is as good as a banknote, and he seems to like a distance. He won the Gold Cup at Edinburgh as if he liked it, and if we look over his two-year-old record we shall find that he was up against the brass-pots all the time, including thirds in both the Woodcote and Coventry.

Many three-year-olds have survived the test, and bar this formidable Frenchman, I do not think the opposition is very terrifying. The Fielders seem to be positive that he can beat The Admiral, but, on the other hand, I wonder whether they are not being a bit rash laying the latter at odds longer than the former. Personally, I think they are; but then, that is merely an individual opinion. As to that always elusive Autumn Double, is not the automatic one Monsieur L'Amiral and Mighty Maharatta? The former must claim our attention for the reasons already stated, and is it not a fair guess that Mighty Maharatta, any other performances quite apart, won the Cambridgeshire on September 1st in that gallop on the Limekilns with the Leger winner? No one can know the weights, but as business was meant and Fred Armstrong did not send them out just to sniff the fine, bracing air, the conclusion is obvious. The arithmetic, I will wager, was pretty faultless.

There should be no doubt about Mighty Maharatta getting the 1 mile 1 furlong of the Cambridgeshire. I take his Royal Stakes win at Epsom on June 6th as a pretty sound foundation, to say nothing about Ayr; but the Sayajirao gallop is the real one. He has a brilliant turn of foot, and though you may

prefer to couple Firemaster with him, I suggest that you think twice.

Smashing Times Ahead

A TRUSTY comrade of the pre-Second German War period has just sent me the sad news that he has broken his collar-bone gardening. Of all the dull ways! Especially when I look back to all the fun he used to have over the timber in Leicestershire, and that time he broke his leg elsewhere. How on earth he managed it gardening I don't know: tripping over a flower-pot or a wheelbarrow, or overbalancing when digging two spits deep?

And yet, when I recall that the hardest riding earl of an epoch—now, alas, in the Happy Hunting Grounds, told me that breaking one collar-bone was nothing, and that he had broken both of his simultaneously, I ought not to wonder about this gardening casualty. Perhaps I have no right to speak, because I have merely broken one of mine twice and dislocated the other once, plus two ribs and an arm for good measure, but, as far as was possible, I always endeavoured to arrange for the jolliest surroundings.

Last time, for instance, it was a beautiful winter's day, with a scent you could lean up against. I viewed him away all by myself, never holla'ed, because I thought it might have been the back of a Buff Orpington flitting past just beyond the straggly hedge; just trotted back and told the M.F.H., who was hunting them, and already drawing up to him. It was a grand get-away over Sir Dick Sutton's son's country. The steed I was riding had shown that he was as cross as a bagful of nails, but I hoped that he might enter into the spirit of the thing when he was warmed up.

As luck would have it, the prospect was a succession of Fernie rails. First lot he succeeded in breaking; second lot nearly broke him, and the third, by which time I was also rather fed up, completely defeated him and sent him for nearly a cricket pitch into the next field. But it was a perfect day, and they pulled him down galloping after the thick end of the classic forty minutes on the grass without a check. When hacking home with hounds on the second and more generous hunting horse, my shoulder began to play up, and so to Harborough's crack bone-setter, who, after making things most comfortable, gave me some pre-First German War whisky, which was really kind of him. It remains a day to be marked with the white stones.

This is, believe me, far the best way to do it. Falling over lawn-mowers, and so forth, is just a waste of a good collar-bone. How the Yellow Earl broke both of his at one go still remains a mystery; but, then, he always could go one better than the next chap.

Some for Sam Costa

YOU can tell he was a blood 'un—a skoin of a noble race"; "She was a most illeivie woman, the pale, whippy sort, and rather emetic!"; "I always 'old and always 'ave 'eld with Sir 'Erbert Spencer, that if you can't tell beef from a bull's foot its bone-headedness promouxiuous to imbecilliousness!"; "Horsetraylians? You mean Antipoads?"; "Madame Two Boys and Gem Owing" (two ladies well-known in their respective spheres); "He said, 'Not too jolly bad,' in fact, he was most eugolistic"; "You make a most egrregarious mistake if you think I'm a twerp"; "Oh, now you're discortesy." Causus Belly, Antimollado, Oobeekay, Resorlved, Corvoyser—all these slipped trippingly off the tongues of the perverters. There is no copyright: they are all genuine and not faked. I hope Sam Costa, Richard Murdoch, Kenneth Horne, also that delightful Miss Goodbody and Dudley Davenport, are not going to stay away from us too long, for the world is a very glum place and bright spots are few and far between.



Sir Charles Fitzroy Maclean, of Duart Castle, Mull, with Col. R. M. T. Campbell-Preston, M.C., of Ardochattan



Lord Glentanar with Mr. David Crear, Capt. Robin Compton, Miss Zoe d'Erlanger and the Hon. Jean Coats



Mrs. MacKay-James, of Glencruitter, adjusting her daughter Susannah's pigtails, watched by Mr. and Mrs. George Campbell, of Inverneil



Brig. Lorne MacLaine Campbell, V.C., D.S.O., with his sons, Alistair and Patrick, at the Gathering, which was held at Oban

The Argyllshire Gathering



A novel wheelbarrow race in progress at the Street End gymkhana



Miss Camilla Jessell, of Bearsted, portrays a highwayman in the fancy-dress competition



Brian Lee-Alliston, of Whitstable, was one of the outstanding performers



Mr. Cobb and Mr. Wingham were the judges at this very enjoyable show



Children's Horse Show Near Canterbury

Above shows Miss J. M. Stockwell, daughter of Maj.-Gen. Stockwell, now commanding 6th Airborne Division in Palestine, taking the wall in confident style on Timothy at the children's horse show and gymkhana held at Street End, near Canterbury

Scoreboard



HERE—while the cows, conferring in our meadow, are gloomily deciding that they cannot go on strike because they would burst—is the story of the Golden Snowball. This is not, as you might suppose, a lost fragment from the life of King Midas, discovered,

with other less savoury relics, under the chair-cushion of the deputy-Curator of the Victoria and Albert Museum; nor, again, is it a Hawaiian millionairess; nor a circular letter, gathering shareholders for a Company promising to manufacture artificial funny-bones, smiles and balance-sheets.

No; the Golden Snowball is a Soccer Player; at least, he would be if he were ever allowed to play.

It's like this. The Snowball came to me and he said, while the tears splashed from his diamond waistcoat buttons on to his bulbous black-market boots, "I can't play," he said. "Never mind, cock," said I, "no more can I; if I run three yards, my kidneys twang like a ukulele and mauve-bordered silhouettes of Mr. Strachey float in front of my eyes."

"NO, no, no," he groaned, like a railway locomotive failing to shift 1463 semi-conscious passengers from the glamorous platform of Crewe, "no, no, no." He shook his fists, and he tore his roll-topped hair with a sound like linoleum rent by patronesses of the bargain-basement; "you've got me wrong," he resumed; "it's not that I can't play; but I can't play. They won't let me. Every Saturday morning, just as the wife is preparing that light luncheon of four eggs scrambled and a half-bottle of Bollinger 1923 as prescribed by the dieticians for us footballers, the ruddy telephone rings, and I'm told I've been bought by another Club for another five thousand pounds, and I have to wait for another Saturday; you see, I can't play mid-week because I don't know who I'm playing for; and then Saturday morning comes, and I'm bought again; oh, dear; oh, dear. It started with the Arsenal, and I suppose it'll finish with the Arsenal; one day. And that's why they call me the Golden Snowball. But I haven't played now for two years. You see, I can't play."

And, as the steam rolled out of his ears and sighs like siroccos agitated his once muscular but now deteriorating frame, my thoughts, for such I am forced by convention to call them, turned to the tale of Arnold Bennett and E. F. Benson. "Tell Benson," said Bennett to his toad-in-chief, "that I've been reading his latest book, and he can't write." To the soapy intermediary said Benson, an hour later—"Tell Bennett that I've been reading his latest book, and now I can't read."

But what has all this to do with football? as the visiting captain of the Redruth Rangers exclaimed when the bearded Mayor of Pest kissed him on both cheeks, then kicked off with a blue Buda cheese which had the maker's name stencilled on it in invisible marking-ink. What, indeed?

MEANWHILE, as Messrs. Delight, Spender and Spoofit could tell you if they cared, the Golden Snowball's price had risen by last St. Swithin's Day to £122,346 4s. 3d., less Entertainment Tax and Dilapidations. Already Questions have been asked in Parliament. But no one was there to answer them except Mrs. Braddock. If you missed this, it only shows that you read your newspaper upside down; like a sensible chap.

ON Christmas Eve, or as near to that date as arrangements permit, a Banquet will be given at the Albert Hall to celebrate the Golden Snowball reaching the £200,000 mark. Card-board turkeys will be served to the Press. Crackers with whistles will be available for the top table; with riddles only, for the remaining 30,000 guests. One of H.M. Government's snoopers, disguised as a goalkeeper, will enter through the skylight during dessert and shout into a microphone: "There are more than a hundred persons present here to-night; your names, please." Afterwards, there will be a Ball, in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Corns.

NOTICE. Richmond Hockey Club, one of the oldest in the country, will again put four teams into the field this season. Richmond have contributed to hockey more International players than any other one Club, and hope that among them will soon be numbered their right back, Peter Cavalier.

R.C. Robertson-Jaspar

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"A CASE TO ANSWER," by Edward Lustgarten (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s.), is a novel grim as they come. It centres upon a murder trial—of the kind that, even in our stressful times, has a way of extruding world events from the headlines. It embodies, I think, many people's nightmare—that of standing accused of a crime one has not committed, with incriminating evidence being piled up and up against one.

It does not begin invitingly: the opening chapters seem to be of a sordidness against which one revolts instinctively—surely, one feels, there are enough of these horrors in real life without inventing them? Kate Haggerty, a young woman of the streets, is found dead, mutilated, in her Soho room: Jack the Ripper, it seems, is riding again. Charged with the crime is one Arthur Groome, a respectable young business man with a happy home, a devoted wife and two children in East Finchley. He has, through a not unusual wish for the highly-coloured and the Bohemian, formed the habit of dropping into Soho pubs in the evening, on his way from his blameless office to his blameless hearth: fate has led him to fall into talk with the friendly Kate. He is known by many to have become involved with her, to have taken exception to her way of life, and tempestuous scenes between them, accompanied by hysterical threats on his part, have been overlooked by onlookers.

If the evidence against Groome is, admittedly, circumstantial, it is at the same time sufficiently damning. The very respectability and narrowness of his life suggest that he may have all sorts of repressions. Actually, the fact that Groome is innocent, though never stated by Mr. Lustgarten in so many words, is not for a moment doubted by the reader: in the very fact that his innocence seems virtually impossible to establish consists, I think, not only the nightmarish fascination but also the sombre importance of the book. Here is

a man who is the victim of fatality. Not only through a very ordinary weakness but through a kind of idealism, not less true for being tinged with sentimentality, he, apparently, has encompassed his own end.

He has begun by wishing to "save" Kate; he has ended by developing what he himself describes as a sort of obsession about her—an obsession which, curious and dangerous by-path as it is, has never affected his love for his wife Mary—as Mary herself, unfaltering throughout the dismaying revelations of the trial, perfectly understands. Mary Groome, indeed, is the outstanding and noblest character in a story in which almost no one is wholly bad. One can sense, even, the underlying decency of poor dead Kate.

It can be imagined how, in real life, such a case would establish a more than purely horrific dominance over the imaginations of newspaper-readers. It would epitomise the collision between British respectability and the underworld. Arthur Groome is the "little man" *par excellence*. "There," thousands would secretly think, "but for the grace of God, go I." What is brought out strongly in *A Case to Answer* is the apparently hopeless incredibility of the real, psychological truth when it is spoken. Nothing could sound fishier than Arthur's behaviour from beginning to end—and no one could be more conscious of this than he.

"A Case to Answer"

"Portrait of Edith Wharton"

"Dance Without Music"

"Western Highlands"

RECORD OF THE WEEK

A VERY interesting set of records has been produced, under the auspices of the British Council, by His Master's Voice of the poet T. S. Eliot speaking his *Four Quartets*.

I have been told that nowadays people do not listen to the spoken word, that they are not interested in the English language, or, for that matter, any other language, without embellishments from a musical background and studio effects. I will never believe that such is the case.

Eliot says that the chief value of his recordings is as a guide to the rhythms of the poems. But I would go further than that. In my view he has introduced something that will go down in the history of recordings showing how our language should be spoken, simply, clearly and without any affectation whatsoever.

Particularly do I like *Little Gidding*, but the whole work is one to hear in the peace of one's home, and to know that there still is beauty and music left for us to enjoy in the English language. (H.M.V. C. 3598-3603)

Robert Tredinnick.

In court, Sir Charles Morton, Solicitor-General, for the prosecution, is pressing Groome, in the witness-box, as to *why* he burned the suit he had worn on the evening of the discovery of the murder:

"This is the true reason, is it? Then the other reasons you have just been giving—they were *not* true?"

"They were at the back of my mind. But they weren't what made me do it. I am giving you the real truth now."

"If this is the real truth, why didn't you give it to us at the beginning?"

"Because it doesn't *sound* true!" Groome was shouting at the top of his voice. "Because it doesn't *sound* true! Oh, my God, can't you see it? Can't anybody see it? That's what I've been up against from the start; that's what I've been up against all along. I'm telling the truth now, but you don't believe it. I *did* burn that suit on an impulse. I *did* go to 'The Man in the Moon.' I *did* give Kate my knife, and she *did* make me take sixpence for it. But what good is it saying so? What good is it? When I tell the truth it doesn't *sound* true."



Famous Belgian Lace on Exhibition in London

To-day an exhibition of lace, sponsored by the Belgian Government, opens at the Wildenstein Galleries and will continue until the end of the month. The renown of Belgian lace is historic, and such great names as Brussels, Malines, Valenciennes and Bruges are all well represented in the exhibition, at the opening of which the Belgian Minister of Education, M. Camille Huysmans, and the Ambassador, Vicomte Obert-de Thieusies, will be present. Above are three of the exhibits, a detail from a large veil in Brussels needle lace, made for the baptism in 1811 of Napoleon's son, the "King of Rome"; a portrait of a seventeenth-century lady by an unknown artist; and a Benediction veil in Brussels lace, representing the invention of the Holy Cross, made in 1720.

The outburst completely exhausted him. For a few seconds he stared round the court distractedly. Then he began to cry.

YES, the sheer unlikeliness of our own behaviour is startling—which of us would not be sorry to have to rationalise our own behaviour at some junctures? There is no suggestion, throughout *A Case to Answer*, that there was, at any point in Groome's trial, unfairness, any out-and-out miscarriage of justice—though the novel has, as its publishers point out, an undercurrent of "implied, but none the less sharp, criticism of certain aspects of our legal system."

Groome's leading counsel, Clive Bedford, K.C., conducts the defence with an ability which leaves one breathless; the atmosphere of the court is not unfriendly. Mr. Lustgarten, using for this novel something of the technique of the movie camera, gives us a series of close-ups of character after character involved in either the trial or the background of the crime. What he does let us see, frighteningly (for in how many real-life cases may this not have happened?), is that two different persons who could, by coming forward, have established Groome's innocence were, for personal reasons, afraid to face the limelight, so stayed silent. . . . This book, as it goes on, increases in grip and power: the suspense, as the end approaches, reaches an almost unbearable point. Of vulgar sensationalism there is, it should be said, none.

PERCY LUBBOCK'S *Portrait of Edith Wharton* (Cape; 10s. 6d.) has been executed, one may feel sure, in a manner of which the latter would have approved. This most civilised of American women novelists was, as a character, a masterpiece of her own—exquisite in her person as in her style, reticent, elegant, *mondaine*. To have turned upon her the intrusiveness of some kind of modern biography would have been unthinkable—and, more, it is doubtful whether any attempt to "crash" Edith Wharton's privacy, even after her death, would have been successful. As it is, Mr. Lubbock would seem to have been content to paint a figure seen through veils, or momentarily reflected in a succession of different mirrors. The subtle elusiveness of his own style is very well suited to this purpose: from first to last, he suggests more than he says.

The effect is of a fascinating rather than a lovable woman—as unlike, in her tastes and her way of life, the "typical authoress" (if such a thing exists) as can be imagined. The young admirer, calling for the first time, expecting to worship at a literary shrine, would find himself, however, confronted by an intimidating woman of the world, beautifully (if somewhat coolly) mannered, beautifully dressed.

DAUGHTER of a distinguished and wealthy New York family, married appropriately and young, creating, wherever she lived, a series of faultless houses and gardens, Mrs. Wharton, indeed, contradicts flatly the theory that it is necessary for a writer to knock about. She chose her friends, it would seem, on the same principle as she chose her flowers and her furniture—that of nothing but the best. No member of the circles in which she lived, whether in New York, New England, Paris, or this country, lacked grace, wit, elegance or breeding: her talent, like her personality, did in fact flourish in an almost over-fine air in which other creative persons might either wilt or stifle.

That she knew, and prized, a master-mind when she met one is instanced by her friendship with Henry James—that she was, as novelist, in any sense James's pupil Mr. Lubbock would seem to doubt. Nobody, however, could call a friendship with Henry James a contact with life in the rough: vulgarity and violence on the one hand, Bohemia on the other, were as far from him as they were from her.

The miracle, then, of her novels is the appearance in them of types she had, if anything, shunned in real life—the vulgar, the socially insecure, the shady, the shabby. She not only brought these to life, she appeared to know them. They do not, in the body of her work, predominate; but when they do appear, how

convincing they are! What had been at work in her, then—some sixth sense?

The book is strictly a portrait, not a biography: the events of the life are grouped according to their significance, rather than given in time-order. Mr. Lubbock, who himself knew Mrs. Wharton, has drawn on contributions from others of her friends: occasionally point-blank contradictions, in themselves intriguing, result. For instance, was she or was she not shy?—some say yes, some say no. She was pre-eminently, in temperament, an expatriate: her leaving of America for France, her deliberate severing of ties with her own country, did this in some way chill or thin her? It is the question one asks of any expatriate.

Mr. Lubbock's attitude to Mrs. Wharton is almost as cryptic as is Mrs. Wharton herself. It is not an equivocal attitude, but it is in its gentle way sometimes almost mercilessly dispassionate. Perhaps it is in this very teasingness that the fascination of *Portrait of Edith Wharton* resides. In itself a work of distinguished art, this is a book to enjoy slowly.

AS against this, recommended for top-speed reading is the new Peter Cheyney—*Dance Without Music* (Collins; 8s. 6d.). This not, by any means, because a single point is to be missed or any detail is negligible, but because of a sort of innate velocity in all Cheyney characters. In this particular, peculiar but highly-magnetic world, persons think almost as quickly as they shoot, bash in each other's faces, break each other's hearts or fling each other violently to the ground with an accomplished Japanese flicker of the wrist. Action is usually furious and is always fast; and the eye and brain of the reader must be quick off the mark.

I hope I shall not be doing Mr. Cheyney an ill turn when I say that *Dance Without Music* is overcast by at least one more degree of reality than its predecessors. The poor, dopey, pretty girl fox-trotting all by herself under a tree, to no music, in a damp, dark garden is somewhat haunting, and sets the tone of the book—whose main, as it were, intellectual problem is *which* of the batch of characters is going to succeed in out-smarting and double-crossing the others? Morally they are not a pretty crew—visually, we have Leonora Ivory (dressed, groomed, figured and scented up to Cheyney standards) and the less redoubtable Esmeralda Ricaud, who has stooped to folly before we meet her.

Alexis Ricaud—inveterate dweller in the Home Counties, in this case near Maidenhead, like so many of the characters in this world—is one of those slick-type, nasty pieces of work who obviously has it coming to him. Pell, of the fancy dressing-gowns, is no less obviously heading for trouble from the moment he attempts to do the dirty on our hero, Caryl O'Hara, private dick.

I am not enough of a Cheyney expert to know how this book will rank with the *cognoscenti*. For me, it had an at once crisp and sombre autumnal charm, and considerably more atmosphere than the two or three last of its predecessors. The splashes of luxury (no shortages of drink, scent, clothes or fuel) were as welcome as ever; and rang, as ever, owing to Mr. Cheyney's fairy-tale convincingness, true.

IN *Western Highlands* (Batsford; 21s.), Arthur Gardner, one of our greatest living photographers of mountain scenery, amalgamates two of his well-loved books, now for a long time out of print—*The Peaks, Lochs and Coasts of the Western Highlands and Sun, Cloud and Snow in the Western Highlands*. He has added to some of the written part, filling in gaps, he says, and making some extensions "in order to make my survey more complete and comprehensive." Of the West Highland photographs themselves, one can only say, however banal it may sound, that they are breath-taking. Height, light, clouds, water, sea cliffs, island ruins, and, above all, the pristine glitter of snow, can surely never have been so rendered before. There is a huge impression, through these 300 plates, of emptiness and of majesty. The letterpress is, as against this, intimate and friendly. One could use this book as a guide for Highland travel—equally, it could be enjoyed as a sort of visual poetry, for its own sake.

HUNTING NOTES



THE Aldenham Harriers have increased their kennel strength with drafts from neighbouring foxhound packs and will hunt three days a fortnight during the coming season. Mr. G. H. Hartop, who will again carry the horn, is joined in the Mastership of the pack by Mr. Stanley White, who has for many years been a staunch supporter of the Aldenham and is well known as a successful rider at point-to-point meetings and as an astute judge of a horse.

Ben Wilkinson comes as kennel huntsman and first whipper-in.

THE principal cub-hunting news from the Warwickshire is of a very successful morning at Compton Wynates, when two brace of foxes were accounted for, and of another at Idlicote, when an old fox, found in the Grove, was finally killed.

Col. Brackenbury's Horse Show, held at his house near Wellesbourne last month, was a great success, both from the sporting and the social points of view. It was, of course, perfectly organised by the host, and to judge by the large crowds present, the worthy charities to which the profits from "the gate" were to be devoted, must have benefited considerably.

A DAY'S cub-hunting for members of the Belvoir Hunt Pony Club before returning to school after the summer vacation was an event which all the children enjoyed and, moreover, they witnessed a kill which gave the huntsman an opportunity of "blooding" some of them. The meet was at Folkingham at a time to suit all, and it was amazing to see how well the little ones rode to hounds. Major J. R. Hanbury, Joint M.F.H., was there, and some of the parents of the budding foxhunters were also in the saddle. A trio of cubs in Folkingham Big Gorse kept hounds busy for well over an hour, and it was fortunate that none of them broke covert, for after the protracted drought, the ground was very difficult to ride over. Hounds chopped a fox in Mr. Baker's kale in full view of the field, but they had no luck when they went on to draw Folkingham Little Gorse.

COL. TOWNSEND and Lady Apsley are still Joint-Masters of the V.W.H. (Cirencester), but Major de Freville has retired from the secretaryship and Mr. Richard Cadbury has taken his place. Cubbing has been restricted owing to the hard ground, but a brace of foxes were killed at Siddington in mid-September. The Hunt held a very successful horse show and dance before the petrol cut began.

IN their cub-hunting, the Whaddon Chase are finding good sport, although scent has dried up rapidly owing to the dry weather. A very good day was enjoyed at Puttenham, where 2½ brace were afoot. Thrift provided foxes but no scent, while the one wet day, at Lady Villier's Gorse, was the only blank. A brace-and-a-half of cubs were killed at Wing Spinneys.

In mid-September a special children's meet brought out a large and enthusiastic field of youngsters at High Havens. In this covert, at least two brace of cubs were soon on the move. Young hounds are entering extremely well.

THE Old Berkeley (East) hounds commenced cub-hunting last month with a meet at Great Westwood Lodge, close to kennels. They found in Temple Pan at Chandlers Cross, but with no scent whatever in the dry bracken they could do little there. These unfavourable conditions have persisted, but it is hoped that the recent rains will have improved scent. A meet for Pony Club members was held at Sarratt Green on the 16th and was well attended. Hounds found one litter at Clutter-buck's Gorse and another at Rose Hall, but were unable to press their foxes at all and matters did not improve for the Solesbridge Mill venue a few days later, when the pack found in Round Spring at Micklefield, but after running across the park and back to covert, could make little more of the line.





Rambaut — Waterkeyn

Mr. Philip Marlande Rambaut, son of the late Dr. D. F. and Mrs. Rambaut, of Northampton, married Miss Celia Mary Waterkeyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Waterkeyn, of Corby Castle, Carlisle.

Tunbridge



Swift — Nicholl

Adml. Lord Fraser and Vice-Adml. Morgan led the guard of honour at the wedding of Lt. J. A. Swift, R.N.V.(S.)R., son of the late Mr. Albert Swift and of Mrs. Swift, and Miss Winifred Joan Nicholl, elder daughter of Cdre. and Mrs. Nicholl

J. Russell



Boyle — Imperiali

Capt. Viscount Boyle, Irish Guards, only son of the Earl and Countess of Shannon, married Donna Catherine Irene Helen Imperiali, daughter of the Marquis Demetrio Imperiali di Francavilla and Mme. G. F. Scelsi

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Kay — Simmonds

The wedding took place at St. Peter's and Paul's Church, West Clandon, Surrey, of Lt. John Trevor Kay, Royal Navy, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kay, of Cowes, Isle of Wight, and Miss Doreen Pamela Simmonds, daughter of Sir Oliver and Lady Simmonds, of Dunsborough House, Ripley, Surrey



Pickering — Hollebhone

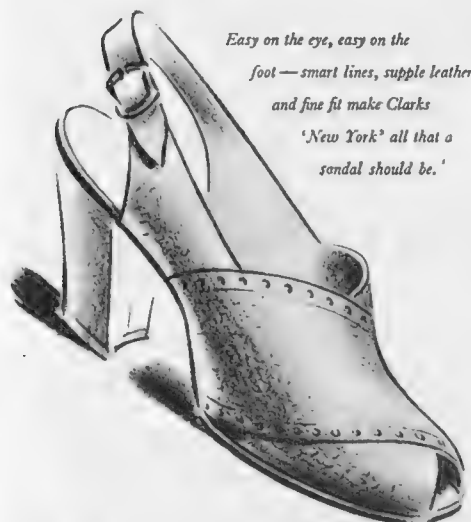
Mr. Ronald Russell Pickering, of 48, Clarence Avenue, S.W.4, son of the late Major J. Russell Pickering, M.B.E., and Mrs. Pickering, married Miss Jean Hollebhone, of Cadogan Square, S.W.1, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hollebhone, of Hadley Wood, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

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Right:
Vramant's evening gown in black taffeta has horizontal pleating on the front corsage and four huge pink roses tucked into the bustle drapery

Left:
Piguet's high-necked, long-sleeved black wool jersey with modified apron front edged with fringe, is worn with a seal cape and pill-box to match

A brown wool dress and jacket trimmed with astrakhan characterises the Christian Dior silhouette

1890 influence in Marcel Rochas' black velvet jacket trimmed with coarse white lace and worn over a wide skirt of dark grey self-plaid satin with lace frilling at the hem

HEMS GO DOWN AND WAISTS GO IN

Above:
Grey wool coat by Lelong with a cape stitched down to the bodice in front and draped under the arms in a half-sleeve effect

Left:
Marcel Rochas buttons a violet ribbed-silk jacket to the front of a grey wool dress. A wide sash of grey striped with violet is knotted below the back hemline of the jacket

Revolution rages in Paris—A Revolution of Fashion. A few of the designers, notably Christian Dior, Jacques Fath, Jacques Costet and Marcel Rochas are in the forefront of the Movement in favour of drastic change. Worth, Patou, Balenciaga and Lanvin, though permitting themselves to support the revolutionary trend do so with decorous concessions to practicability.

Molyneux's collection is intensely feminine with the Spanish influence strongly apparent in small toreador boleros jet embroidered, and pannier movements at the hip-line reminiscent of Velasquez.

Dior's breathlessly beautiful collection shows shoulders softly rounded, full bosoms and tiny waists springing into incredible fullness of skirt. His hemline is about 10 in. from the ground.

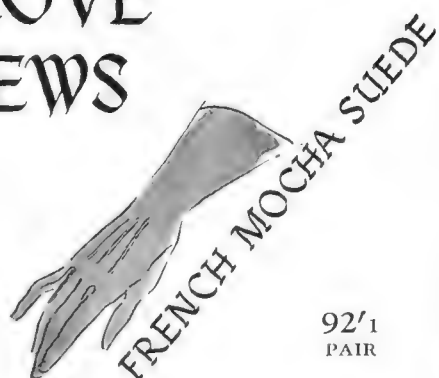
Robert Piguet uses black predominantly for evening wear with tiny waists and erect bosoms. His morning-wear hemlines reach well below the calf and high-neck corsages zip invisibly down the back.

Grey for evening is extensively used throughout the Collections. Capes are everywhere, appearing as integral features of both dresses and coats. Vramant uses them repeatedly on suits and coats suspended from deeply rounded yokes.

Rochas, who dared to lift skirts to the knees in 1934, now holds the record for longer skirts—claims to have found the answer to the fabric shortage by the simple expedient of lengthening skirts and shortening coats.

Paris Fashions by Winifred Lewis

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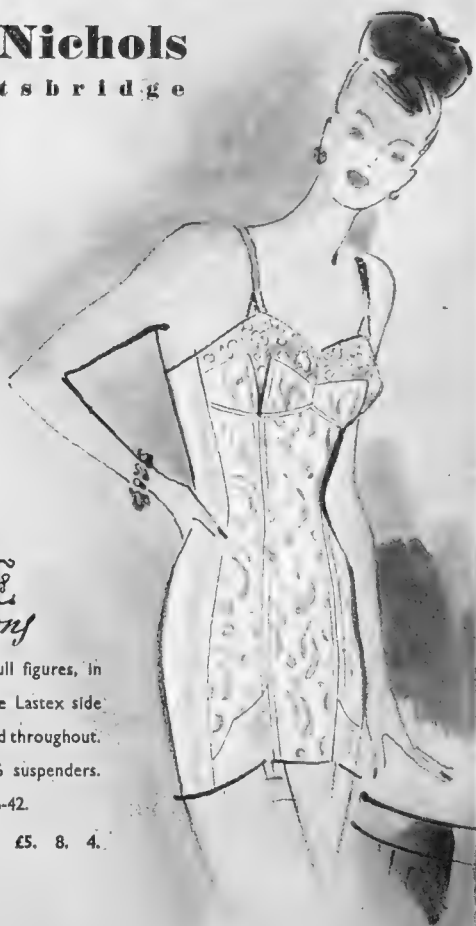
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Ursula Evelyn Barclay, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Barclay, of Colney Hall, Norwich, who is to be married this month to Lt.-Col. David Lloyd Owen, only son of the late Captain R. C. Lloyd Owen, O.B.E., R.N., and of Mrs. Lloyd Owen, of Bridgefoot Cottage, Fareham



Bassano

Miss V. A. Woodhouse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Woodhouse, of Ballinacourty, Co. Waterford, Eire, who is to marry Mr. Patrick de Cruce Grubb, son of Col. and Mrs. R. R. Grubb, of Castle Grace, Co. Tipperary



Harlip

Miss Jean Leslie Sweet, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald L. Sweet, of Searches, Bedmond, Herts, who is engaged to Lt.-Col. William Percy Harford, younger son of the late Mr. H. M. Harford, and of Mrs. L. C. Harford, of Clovelly, The Avenue, Bushey, Herts



Miss Trousdale, youngest daughter of the late Rev. R. and Mrs. Trousdale, whose engagement was recently announced to Lt.-Col. F. Walton, Q.V.O. Corps of Guides, F.F. The wedding will take place early in December



Miss Patricia Margaret Norman, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Norman, of Hillfield, Mount Park, Harrow-on-the-Hill, who is being married this month to Mr. L. R. C. Mitchell, of Collingwood, South Hill Avenue, Harrow



Pearl Freeman

Lady Backhouse, who is engaged to Mr. Henry Walter Bent, of Bigmoor, Withypool, Somerset, eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bent. She is the widow of Major Sir John Backhouse, Bt., and the only daughter of Lt.-Col. G. R. V. Hume-Gore, and of Mrs. Robert Hannah

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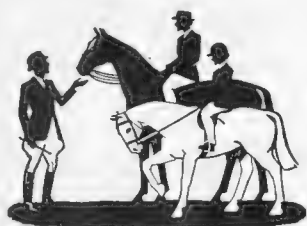
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Oliver Steward ON FLYING



Wing Cdr. C. S. G. Stanbury, D.S.O., D.F.C. of Englemere, Ascot, and his wife at the christening of their infant daughter, Sally Anne Stanbury, at Holy Trinity Church, Southall, Middlesex. Mrs. Stanbury is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ransom, of Arrington, Cambridgeshire

THERE are two ways for people in aviation to look at the weather. Either they can take it as a fixed restriction, a sort of permanent Government control of their activities, or else they can look at it as a difficulty capable of being overcome and stimulating to inventiveness. We are now entering a bad weather period of the year. From the flying point of view England is always a bad weather country, but parts of the winter are especially bad. Is that to be looked on as a permanent obstacle to British aviation or as a marvellous opportunity for it?

In trying to decide the answer it would be useful to know how many experimental flights take place during every spell of bad weather. When there is a hurricane or a fog it would be useful if the Ministry of Civil Aviation, the Ministry of Supply, the Ministry of Transport or Air Ministry were to tell us how many flights were being made to test the means of countering bad weather. My impression at the moment is that when fog clamps down flying clamps down too, except for the unfortunate person who has got caught through inaccurate meteorological predictions. This is not the way to do it. The way to do it is to launch out in properly fitted experimental aircraft on every really bad weather day.

Ersatz Weather

THE research workers go to endless pains to simulate bad weather. They synthesize ice and hurl it into engine air intakes; they freeze water on wings with elaborate refrigerators; they devise coloured windscreens which will give an illusion of fog flying or else they put the pilot's head in a bag. All these schemes are very ingenious and very useful so long as they are looked on as a means of supplementing the natural conditions they are supposed to represent.

At the moment, however, our experimenters seem to wait for fine weather in order to test fog-flying equipment. Or for a nice warm dry day to see what happens in icing. Let us, during the coming weeks of autumn and winter use the bad weather as a tool for improving flying safety and punctuality.

Pleasant Ceremony

A PLEASING way of calling to mind a great feat achieved by Portuguese aviators was the presentation of specially struck medals to Sir Richard Fairey of the Fairey Aviation Company, and to Mr. E. W. Hives, of Rolls-Royce Limited. They were the makers of the seaplane in which the South Atlantic was first flown twenty-five years ago by Admiral Gago Continho and Commander Sacadura Cabral. The medals were of pleasing design and the whole thing was a delightful gesture on the part of the Portuguese. One of the important points about the flight was that it was the occasion for the full scale test of more advanced methods of navigation than were then in general use in the air.

The presentation should also act as a reminder to Britain that it is well worth while to do something to commemorate great aviation achievements. We usually allow anniversaries of great flights made by English pilots to pass unnoticed unless it so happens that some newspaper aviation correspondent finds himself short of copy and dashes something off. I have often thought that we ought to name aerodromes after some of our best pilots as do the Americans.

Failing that we should take steps to inaugurate some kind of appropriate celebration for anniversaries. At the moment the names of Alcock and Brown are gradually fading from the minds of the present generation. And even schoolboys, who seem to be the best informed section of the community on aviation, might have to think twice before they could name the main achievements of Hinkler, Hawker, Webster, Boothman, Stainforth, Broad, Hope and Stack. Some of these men are still actively engaged on flying. But their past achievements include many that ought to be remembered. We take absolutely no steps to keep them in mind. The names of our airports and of our aircraft are uninspired and uninspiring.

Pin-Point

IT seems that it is not only the wretched pilot who sometimes is uncertain as to the position of an aerodrome, but also the person on the aerodrome. In short, aerodrome staffs do not know where they are. At least this is the only interpretation that can be placed upon the suggestion made by I.A.T.A. (International Air Transport Association) to I.C.A.O. (International Civil Aviation Organization). It is that concrete blocks be sunk in aerodromes in order to establish their exact location and that afterwards fixed co-ordinates be given to the aerodromes by I.C.A.O. There could then be no argument about how far A is from B. Or how fast someone has flown between them. There could be no argument, moreover, about how much the fare should be when flying from A to B.

Altogether the scheme is a sound one and should help towards that standardized air transport pattern which is the aim, or at any rate the ideal, of I.C.A.O.

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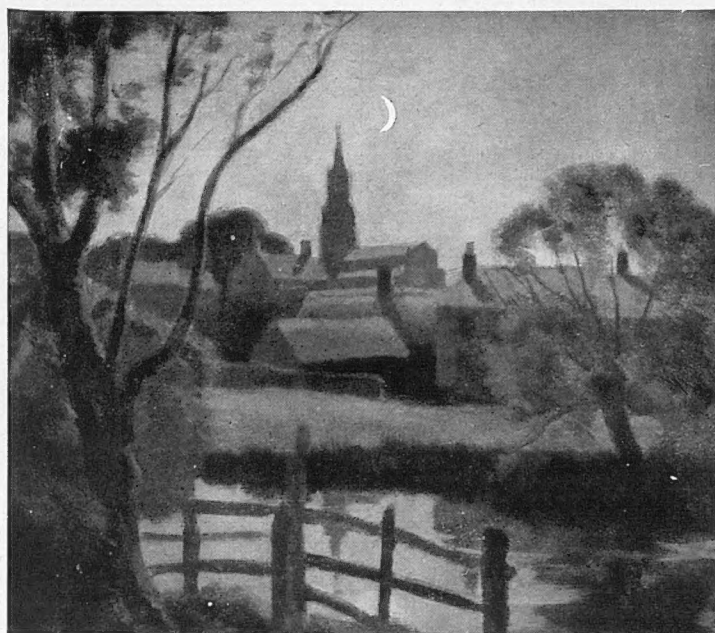
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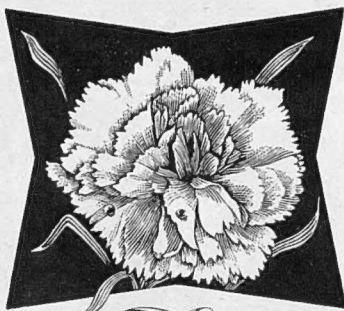
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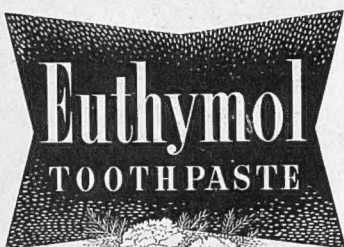


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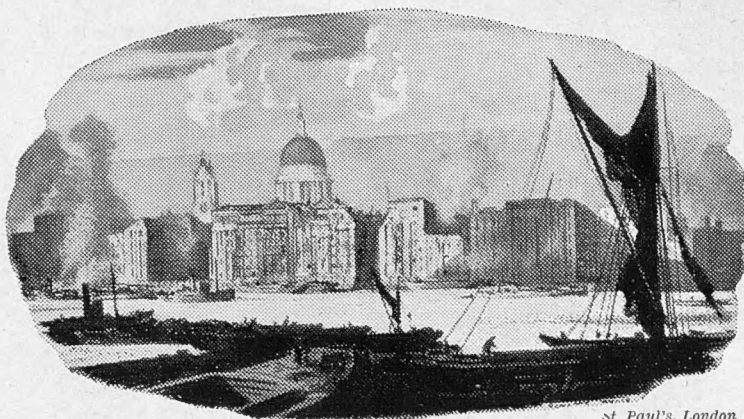
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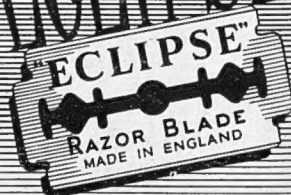
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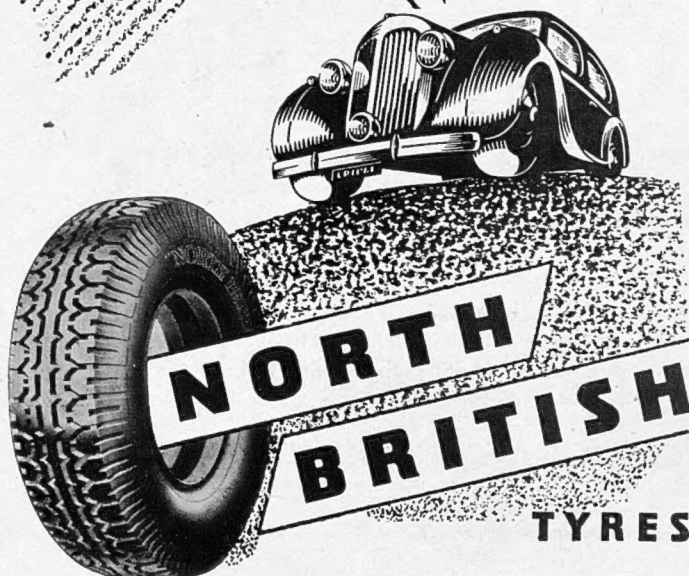
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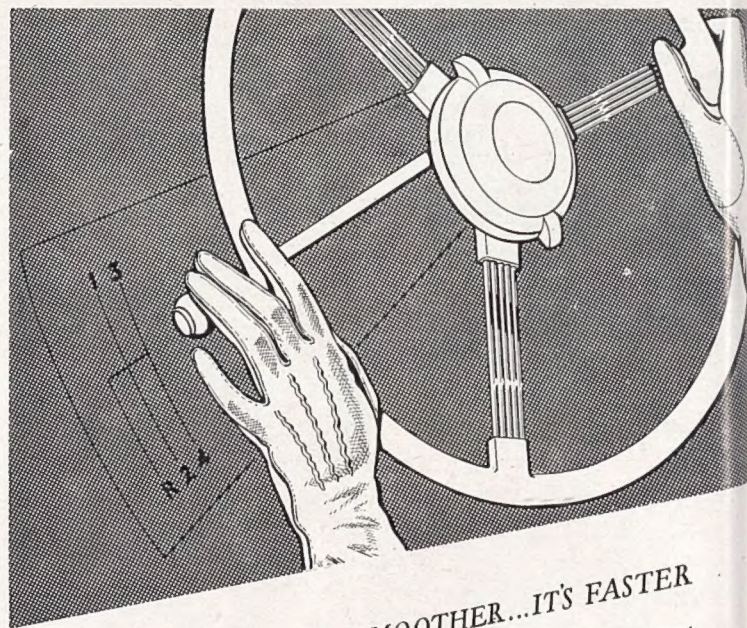
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